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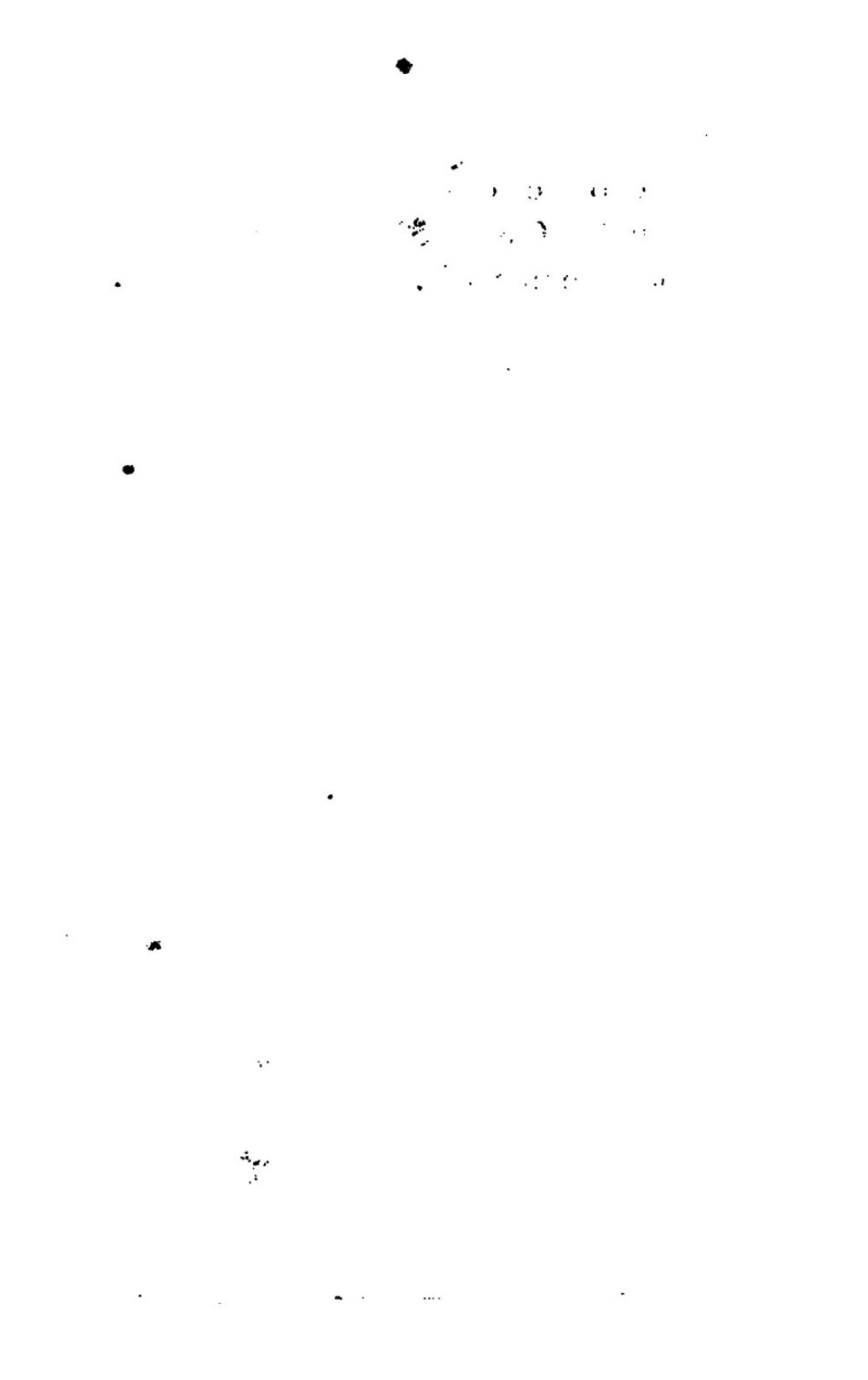
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**Recollections of
Dublin Castle &
of Dublin Society**





Recollections of ~~*~~
Dublin Castle &
of Dublin Society
By A Native ~~*~~ ~~*~~ ~~*~~



London : Chatto & Windus

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Recollections of Dublin Castle & of Dublin Society

Of dear, old, and dirty Dublin—Lady Morgan's well-known description—I was a denizen for forty years and more. So I am well versed in all its ways, humours, delusions, and amiable deceits, and might claim to know it by heart. Dear it was—old, certainly, and dilapidated beyond dispute. As to the dirt, it was unimpeachable. No native, however, was known to admit any of these blemishes.

It is a pleasant and rather original old city, where people of good spirits will find plenty to entertain them, but offering one enjoyable characteristic in the general spirit of “make-believe” (humbug is too coarse a term) which prevails everywhere. The natives

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will maintain against all comers that it is the finest city going, and that its society is “second to none, sir.” Among themselves even there is a good-natured sort of conspiracy to keep up the fiction, always “making believe,” as much as the Little Marchioness herself. “Where, my boy, would you see such beautiful faces or th’ Irish eyes—don’t tell me—and where ’ud” (this “’ud” is a favourite abbreviation) “’ud you hear such music, or find such social intercourse, or such general ‘divarshions’?” I, like the rest, was beguiled by all this and believed in it all, and it was not until years after I had left that the glamour dissolved. It was thus that we used to assure each other that certain persons, trading in a modest sort of way, were “merchant princes, my boy”; that a few professional people were “leaders of society,” and so on. All this was harmless enough and contributed to the general happiness.

The chief “make-believe,” however, was the Viceregal Court, or “Coort,” that strange,

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theatrical installation, whose tawdry influence affected everything in the place down to the commonest little tradesman, or to the “ Castle waiter,” whose service it was a great comfort to secure, even at a higher fee.

As I look back across this long stretch of years, to what were really very jocund days, one scene rises before me which seems highly significant, and which furnishes a sort of keynote for the various things that I am about to recall. It was at a concert in Dublin—at “ Th’ Ancient Concert Rooms.” An English friend was staying with us, and, not without pride, we promised to take him to a Philharmonic concert, supposed to be highly fashionable and exclusive because “ his Excellency” and his Court was to attend. “ Th’ Ancient Concert Rooms” was a rather shabby tenement in Brunswick Street, about the size and proportions of a moderate Dissenting chapel ; but it justly boasted that it was the “ finest thing of the kind in Ireland,” or “ Daublin,” as the genteeler ones strove to

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sound it. (There were always numbers of things that were “the finest in Ireland,” particularly that “fine animal” the horse.) We had scarce seated ourselves in “the reserved seats” (little is worth having in this city unless it be reserved *for* you and *not for* others), when suddenly there came a bustle and a flutter. Every one rose to his feet ; there were agitated cries of “Here he is ! He’s coming !” and half a dozen men, carrying white wands, appeared, struggling their way along a very narrow gangway. A dapper-looking, clerk-like man came last, wearing a star, following the stewards. This was THE LORD LIEUTENANT, or the Lord “*Liftnant*,” as he was usually spoken of by the crowd. He came along bowing and smiling, and trying to be as gracious as he could. Following him were the aides-de-camp, or “edukongs,” supercilious young men, with blue silk facings to their coats —sure and certain seal of their office, the blue being reverenced, even to all but

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prostration, by the society of Dublin—behind whom glided a number of limp, faded dames, some veterans, attired in garments as faded as their persons—the “Ladies of the Household”—wives of the secretaries, or ancients who were passed on from Government to Government, and who grew more firmly fixed as years went on. It was entertaining to see how the suite behaved, with what an air of pride, and at the same time of assumed affability, they moved on in the train, two and two. In the admiring crowds which lined the avenues they would recognise a friend or acquaintance, and were not too proud to nod. The high officials of “the Court” were very stern and brusque even. They believed most heartily in the whole fiction. This curious procession was invariably repeated on every public occasion, and was ever painfully followed by greedy, admiring eyes. Three rows of hard wooden benches rising above each other under the skimpy gallery was the august throne of the Viceregal

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party. "God Save the Queen" was then struck up, every eye riveted on the great man and the group about him. That procession used to remind me of those other "tag-rag" processions which would come on in the grand Operas—those poor limp creatures who walk behind Marguerite of Navarre, or some other queen, in faded "streeling" robes. These high ladies passed on with a smiling, deprecating air—half ashamed, half proud of their position.

Well, to return to my Englishman. I noticed that he was gazing through his monocle with unfeigned astonishment and amusement at the show. "Dear me!" he said at last, "this is all most astonishing. Think of that man in London! Why, no one would turn their head to look at him. It's most singular!" And so it was. But it was the same everywhere, and on every occasion. Did his carriage stop at a house, a crowd gathered, eager almost to *feel* the horses, supposed with the vehicle to be hired

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from a London job-master. There was a story that at one of these concerts, during a very cold season, a black bottle full of hot water was brought in, carried by one of the Viceregal party, for the benefit of one of the young ladies. The tale went about in all sorts of shapes. "Wasn't it terrible?" said an old dame. "He has grown so besotted with drink that he actually brought in his brandy-bottle with him to the concert!"

The little scene I have been describing is significant, for the same unmeaning adoration permeated every class of society. This theatrical make-believe of a Court leavened everything. Everybody played at this sham Royalty, and, I am convinced, firmly believed in it, or fancied they did. The "Kestle" was the cynosure. To be asked to the "Kestle," to know people at the "Kestle," or even to know people who knew people at the "Kestle," was Elysium itself!

The Pinchbeck beings of the Castle naturally gave themselves great airs, often

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ridiculing those who so venerated them, but would condescend to accept any invitations that were humbly offered. Here they could star it. They were the pure "English, you know," though among them there were a few "natives," of an inferior caste, and who were treated as such. These latter had to console themselves with the more obscure circles. Truly, as Thackeray once wrote—"A Court Kalendar is bad enough, but what is it to a *sham* Court Kalendar!" It was indeed said that one dame had been lent a little "box" in the Park by a former Lord-Lieutenant, beyond the memory of man almost, and had remained ever since, all attempts to dislodge her proving unavailing.

The Castle, where this Card King lived, was a great centre of the city. In my childhood, boyhood, youth, manhood, I suppose no word rang out more loudly or more frequently in one's ears, or inspired such an awesome feeling. Often I passed it; often was I in it. There were held the "levys,"

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“ draw’n rooms,” “ Pathrick’s balls,” dinners, concerts, and dances *galore*. You went from Westmoreland Street—often sounded Westmoreland Street—to the Royal Exchange, a rather stately building, which brought you to the steep “ Cark Hill,” *i.e.*, Cork Hill, on the top of which was the awful enclosure. It was rather an imposing place, with a great gateway and a guard-house adjoining, out of which—for what reason Heaven knows!—a large sort of church steeple rose. But everything in Dublin is more or less unaccountable. The older churches are mostly without steeples, while a guard-house *has* one. Within, there is a large and stately courtyard, and on the left an archway, opening on a second, viz., “ The Lower Kestle yard”; though it seems undignified to call these august enclosures “ yards.” Round the first court were the residences of the high and mighty officers—the Chamberlain (minus “ Lord ”)—Comptroller, all squeezed, sorely cribbed and cabined into little sets of rooms, much as

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those of smaller degree are at the Ambassadors' Court, St. James's Palace. It was often a pitiable thing for those poor creatures, wives and children—who had all to “cram” into these straitened apartments. Their wage was miserable enough, but there was free lodging, with occasional board, and it may be coals ; consequently, these offices were much sought after by the broken-down peer or baronet, to whom such quarters were an object ; while the Lord Lieutenant was glad to have persons of title about him. The aides-de-camp lived on their very position—on the strength of which they might have been at free board every day of their life. The *paid* aide—this was much insisted on—had, I believe, about £100 a year, with quarters ; the extra, nothing.

And the household !—that awe-inspiring word ! There was the “Private Secretary,” the “Additional Private Secretary,” and, odd to say, “Assistant Private Secretary,” State Steward, Comptroller, Gentleman Usher,

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Chamberlain, and actually a “Master of the Horse,” who looked after the job-master-hired animals mentioned already. Then came three paid aides and four unpaid ditto. There were also “gentlemen at large,”* and “gentlemen-in-waiting.” There was the “Physician in Ordinary,” “Surgeon in Ordinary,” “Surgeon to the Household,” “Surgeon Oculist,” and “Surgeon Dentist.” These last were entitled to appear at the levees and to be so announced, and, for aught I know, to walk in the tag, rag, and bob-tail procession.

A nice lady friend of my own, suffering from toothache, hurried to her dentist, and sent in her name. “Is it see you to-day, Ma’am? It’s quite unpossible. Isn’t he upstairs undressin’ himself to go to the levy?” This was actually the “state dentist,” a sort of humorist, who spent half his time—and the patient’s—in telling droll stories, walking about the room, &c., the other candidates waiting patiently in the

* Little Lowry Balfour was a permanent gentleman at large, taken over as in an inventory.

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parlour, but to be by-and-by entertained in like manner, and to keep other people waiting. This system extends to a good many other things in the country.

The Castle was full of a number of ancient retainers who were kept "on the establishment" almost to their dissolution, or from the sheer force of actual occupation. When the disastrous news of an impending change of government was in the air a sort of panic set in, and the retinue, generally, "trembled in its boots." The older retainers, however, knew pretty well they were fairly secure, for the new figure-head felt that he must have experienced persons about him who "knew the ways of the place;" these persons had, moreover, powerful friends in their old employers, who would good-naturedly "say a word" in favour of the old hand. "He has been there these thirty years, and is popular with the natives. It would break his heart were he turned out." And so, almost invariably, they kept their

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ground, saying perhaps—only it was long before that famous speech was uttered—“*j'y suis et j'y reste.*”

Two officers of state it was almost impossible to dispense with—the Comptroller or Major Domo, who knew all the ways and wiles and perhaps tricks of the Dublin tradesmen—what was the “right thing” to order, how much to be saved, what amount of dinners were to be given, and so on. The Court was an expensive one, and the unhappy nobleman felt he would be a victim to pillage unless he were protected. The other office was that of Chamberlain, which, as may be imagined, was one of extraordinary difficulty and delicacy. For no one could conceive the pressure that was put upon this official, the persuasions, wheedling, intimidation; and to secure—what? An invitation to a ball, concert, or dinner. It seemed a matter of life and death. People unblushingly asked to be asked. A refusal brought unbounded anger, rage even; with hints as to vengeance at the

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next election. Often mistakes were made, and highly desirable and suitable folks affronted. It was absolutely necessary, therefore, to have a well-experienced official, who knew the whole awkward business by heart as it were, who could soothe and hold out promises, and at the proper season assume "a high tone." He should know every one—who they were and what their claims. It was impossible, therefore, that a new man could be of much assistance ; rather, it was certain he would "get us into a scrape."

Among these superannuated worthies was old Colonel Willis, who dated from the days of Lord Mulgrave (later Lord Normanby), and, I believe, held on till his death. He was Comptroller, I think ; I see him now, with his grey head and blue coat—a veritable retainer—talking of the good old times, and perhaps the butt of the new men. Who of those times—'tis forty years since—will forget the jovial Captain Williams, "Bob Williams," as he was invariably known ? Every one

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knew and, I fancy, liked Bob. He, too, I think, dated from the Normanby days, had married a beautiful daughter of a local solicitor of good family—which was destined to have an extraordinary rise in the world. For another of the sisters married first a baronet, and at last actually carried off the Viceroy himself, Lord Fortescue—an extraordinary *coup* indeed. Nor was this all. “Bob’s” daughter was married to the present Duke of Wellington, while a third espoused a baronet. A very fortunate “record” this for a Dublin solicitor’s family. Bob Williams was story-collector to the Court, and, having an appreciation of the native Irish, was constantly repeating things he had picked up in social life. He made a particular study of the numerous fat and vulgar women who pervaded the place, always treating them with much gravity and sympathy, and thus “drawing them out.” These poor dames, touched and proud at his notice, responded heartily. He was a good-humoured fellow,

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too, and could bear a joke at his own expense, of which there were plenty afloat. C——, the ex-chaplain, a hearty friend and admirer of his, was perpetually repeating Bob's adventures, and what traps he had fallen into. One of these I recall, and it was amusing in its way. Once in "Stephen's Green" the carriage of a stout dame was in some trouble, owing to restive horses, when Bob, who was passing by, gallantly rushed forward to offer his aid. He rescued the lady and her daughters, and helped to get the horses right ; then went on to the United Service Club, where he was presently relating his exploits—with variations and additions—to a large group of his friends. "And her gratitude, my boys !" he went on. "I shouldn't be surprised if she left me——." At this moment a little Irish page, in a queer coat and large hat, came in, led up to Bob by the servant. "Lady —— says she lost her purse when ye helped her out of the carriage ; and please, she says, do yez know anything about

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it?" We may conceive the roar that greeted Bob.

Another of these regularly "passed on" veterans was Everard—Captain Walling Everard—a sort of eternal Private Secretary to the Lord Lieutenant. No matter who came or who went, the cheerful Everard always "went on for ever." I knew him well, and found him always good-natured and friendly. He was supposed to know many things : for the Viceregal post-bag always brought the most singular mysteries, with applications from the most unexpected sort of people. However, he was discretion itself, considering himself from long residence a regular inhabitant of the place. Adroitly enough, instead of taking any airs, he cultivated sympathetic relations with the natives, whose dinners, on a small and friendly scale, he was glad to partake of. He had thus a circle of personal friends, and I suspect was rather looked down upon as *vieux jeu* by his mates. The ex-chaplain had, I think, been quartered

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upon him as “an extra-assistant secretary,” and I fancy made the quiet and old-fashioned principal not a little uncomfortable by his sarcastic tongue and raillery. Everard had built up quite a local reputation by his acting and figured largely in the yearly performances given by the Garrison. He was good in Buckstonian parts, where his exceedingly quiet drollery used to produce an effect. Indeed, he carried the thing so far as to become perfectly placid, doing little more than repeat the words. The public, however, was enchanted ; the look of the man was enough, and they supplied the rest.

These Garrison *Amature* Theatricals—such was often the pronunciation—were always given during Lent at the little theatre in Brunswick Street, “The Queen’s.” This was a small, poorish place, the “boxes” having only a couple of stinted rows: stalls were not as yet. Yet the ardour for seats was extraordinary. Everard was manager, leading comic man, rehearser and everything. I was

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present when some lady and her daughters forced their way into his room to get him to grant them tickets "for one night only," for every one had to subscribe for the set of four. Their plea was an odd one. "Ah ! Captain, sure you know we're Catholics and can't go in Lent. Only on this *one* night, which is *outside* the Lent, d'ye understand." They pressed him so hard that at last he said : "Well, if you will give me in writing your solemn word of honour that you will not go to a single party or ball during the Lent you shall have the ticket." The ladies, thus "cornered," got quite confused and angry, and flustered out. "They were not going to lose their balls for the fellow. Like his impudence!"

There was one gala performance of *Henry IV.* at the old Theatre Royal in which our Everard vastly distinguished himself as Falstaff. This theatre was a very fine house indeed, only a size or so smaller than Drury Lane and built by the same architect. It had

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a very grand and spacious stage with a vast arch, from which descended the good old green curtain in swelling folds, always an addition to stage illusion. It covered a great deal of ground, having a large enclosure in front, with colonnades and dwelling-houses attached for the officials. It was, however, in a sad state of decrepitude, but rather grand in its decay. It had fine traditions, nearly every performer and singer of eminence having strutted his or her hour on its boards. I have heard Sir Henry Irving, Sir Squire Bancroft, and others speak with an affectionate admiration of the pleasure they had in performing there. There, too, have I heard Grisi and Mario and Lablache sing to tumultuous applause. I have seen Taglioni dance—totter, rather—in her decay, *bien entendu*; have heard Patti, Piccolomini, Macready, the Keans. A “grand stair” led up to the boxes, and there was a grander saloon. One day about two o’clock, during the run of a pantomime, news spread through the City that the old “Royal”

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was afire. The hapless stage manager, one Egerton by name, had been at our house that very morning in reference to some amateur performance, and rushed to his theatre when he heard the news ; he never came out, but was burnt to a cinder.

I must say a word of “Old Granby,” as he was called, the stage manager at the Theatre Royal. He was one of the good old school in the Haymarket time, the school of Buckstone, Howe, Chippendale, and Co., with whom Granby was, as it were, brought up. He was the legitimate old testy father and disinheriting uncle. He had a red face, a stout neck and body, and a thick, unctuous voice—so necessary for such parts. As the Haymarket broke up gradually, there was no place for old Granby, and he was glad to get this berth with Harris at Dublin.

I have a very early recollection of Sir Henry Irving, certainly some forty years back. Miss Herbert, with her delightful company, was at the Theatre Royal doing the

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old comedies. I was getting a newspaper one afternoon at a shop near the theatre, kept by a good-humoured buxom lady, when two young men came in, both arrayed in rather rusted black, tight-fitting garments, and both yellow of complexion. One was most picturesque with his floating dark hair, altogether suggesting Jingle ; the other was a good-looking fellow enough ; but both had the regular Dickens air. When they had gone out I asked the shop lady about them—was not one Mr. —, the leading comedian ? “ Oh yes,” she said carelessly, “ but he’s nothing at all. Ah ! Mr. Irving’s the one,” she added with a languishing look. “ And who is Mr. Irving ? ” I asked. “ Oh, the nicest, most perfect gentleman, so clever, and charming in every way ! Comes in every morning, himself, for his penny paper.” The other was a far more important person in every way : yet see how the charm of Irving had thus worked, even in this humble quarter. His son, H. B., is almost a replica of his sire

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as he appeared at this time. Never, indeed, was man, or Englishman rather, so physically adapted to the profession, or so strikingly fashioned. I little thought then that I should come to be a friend of his, or that he would rise to such eminence. I also "mind" the days when the facetious Johnny Toole was the regular first "comic man" at the little Queen's Theatre in Great Brunswick Street. He remained there for a long time. Robson also served his apprenticeship in Dublin at both the theatres for a number of years. I was amused one day to hear an English friend say in the full flush of Robson's success, "Why, he was for years in Dublin, and your stupid people never found him out." The truth was, that he was "found out" almost at once, and was generally followed and admired. It was, in fact, to his Dublin success that he owed his town engagement. Harris's leading "June Preemier," as I have heard it called, was a gentlemanly young actor of good presence, named Sydney Bancroft, the present Sir Squire.

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He, too, was there many years. He was admirable, giving the young-lover parts just sufficient emphasis.

I had much enjoyment out of our Theatre Royal. I even recall the time when it had its regular stock company—old Barrett, a racy, crusted comedian, and the Ternan family, one of whom is named in Boz's will. I had a sort of subscription to the good old house, which was arranged in a very singular but very ingenious way. There was an ironmonger who had bought up “for a song” numbers of the old debentures ; he divided each debenture into six parts—a night for each—and for thirty shillings I bought one of these, which gave admission for one night in the week all the year round—not a bad bargain. Charles Kean, who was much entertained in Dublin, used to tell good stories of his Irish adventures. As at Limerick, when he was playing Hamlet, a sort of popular buffoon in a hunting cap made absurd speeches, causing roars of

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laughter. In an agony at having to go back to his Hamlet monologues after such an interruption, he gave the man money to go away. But after the next act the crowd roared for their favourite. The fellow came out : “ Bedad, I *can't*, boys ; I'm ped by *Cain* not to.” Another of Charles Kean's stories was of the same theatre, where an actress much advanced towards maternity was singing plaintively the song in *The Stranger*, “ I have a silent sorrow here.” On its repetition some one in the gallery called out : “ Faix, and it'll soon spake for itself.” In those days Kean used to come attended by the pleasing Ellen Tree as his “ leading lady.” I well remember the great interest excited when it was known that the pair had been married that very morning. And they actually appeared that night together as Benedick and Beatrice in *Much Ado about Nothing*. Needless to say, their *à propos* jests, “ When I said I would die a bachelor,” etc., were taken up and hugely

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relished. John Kemble, it is said, on the day of his marriage forgot all about it, and had to be fetched from the theatre.

But the most inspiring of these visits, the impression of which I have never yet forgotten, though it is a good fifty years since, was the apparition of the truly classical Helen Faucit. I see it all vividly now ; the night comes back upon me with all its charm and fair colouring. Oh, how enraptured we all were, for it was *Antigone*, with the temples, and the choruses, and the classical dresses, and the more classical head—a noble one—of the fair Helen. How we followed every note of that tender, most musical voice, chaunt rather, which wound its way into the very soul ! That classical vision haunted my boyish dreams for weeks, and does still, especially the mournful cadences of her exquisite voice, the noble gestures, and her grand declamation. It seemed some supernatural figure lent temporarily to this base earth. Never since have I understood in the

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same way the solemnity of the Greek play. I lately found in an old diary a youthful critique written on this far-off performance, and reflecting the almost passionate enthusiasm she inspired.

“When the curtain drew up and showed the classic background and pillars of the Greek Theatre, even then I began to have a sense of mystery and awe, inspired by reading the play ; and was prepared, too, by the passionate introduction of Mendelssohn’s music. But when she came forth, looking a very Grecian maid, her slow and graceful walk, the classical marbleness of her features, her hair gathered to perfection in the Grecian knot by a fillet, this completed the enchantment. A tinge of deep melancholy pervaded the whole character, from her first word to the last, as though she were *one doomed*. Her dress, too, the pure white under-robe edged with gold and the crimson-and-gold embroidered pallium, which she would disperse at times in graceful attitudes, one time resting

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it on the back of her head like a mantilla, another time letting it droop down to her feet ! And then the *sweet smile* of resignation as she stood waiting condemnation ! ”

And what a contrast when at the close of the night she reappeared as Mrs. Bracegirdle —the captivating old-time actress, who had turned the head of the city youth, and at the suit of his old father proceeded to cure him of his passion by disgusting him ! I saw this piece not long since, very fairly done by Miss Terry ; but with the unapproachable Helen, bless you ! it was another thing altogether. It was spiritualised. No wonder that there was a young man in the city, an artist, whom she had more than fascinated, and who, well inspired, drew several classical portraits of her in her great character. He lived till recent times, and outlived her—the rather wiry, grey-bearded Sir Frederick Burton, Director of the National Gallery. He was a superior artist, and his “Blind Girl at the Holy Well” was a picture that

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excited much admiration. It was engraved and sold largely. But he was encountered in his suit by a rival of superior prospects, whom I saw recently—Sir Theodore Martin, a man of many gifts, poet, satirist, critic, biographer of the Prince Consort, and who has recently told the story of his brilliant wife's life. He was to carry the day ; he was a better match. It was said, however, that after all was settled the swain became less enthusiastic. There was even a third candidate later, Sir W. Wilde. It was curious that these three suitors should have become knights. But Wilde she would not look at. Such was this youthful dream.

But how painful a disillusioning was to await me ! A score of years ago, when Irving was in the early flush of his triumphs, he persuaded Lady Martin, as she had then become, to emerge from her retirement, and play with him in *King René's Daughter*. Here was a combination, and there were great expectations. Now shall we see the

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fine old school of acting revived, and my old vision of beauty descend once more to earth. But what a shock ! An ancient dame, with a hard and tuneless voice, and such superannuated methods, almost grotesque ! If this were the old school—but the truth was, that there had virtually been a substitution. The old Helen had gone for ever, long since. This was but an attempted copy. I will say no more—it was painful to think of.

There was yet another to whom the Castle was as the breath of his nostrils and its savour more delicious than incense—to wit, Sir Bernard Burke, Ulster King of Arms. How familiar was his little chirruping, cock-sparrow figure, his bright, round face ; and with what reverence used he to roll out the sacred words, “ Their Ex-cellent-cies ! ” I believe that he looked on Lord Lieutenants and their ceremonials as something supernatural. What a thoroughly good-natured soul he was ! He was always ready with some little service. But his grand display

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was when Knights were to be installed and he went fluttering about in his Tabard or Blue Mantle of St. Patrick. He sometimes, in his flutterings, made mistakes. It was to him, I believe, that the rude, rough Whately said, on some mistake being made as to heraldic precedence, "Why, sir, you don't even understand the foolish rules of your own foolish business." One of the grandest galas he had ever to do with was the installation of his present Majesty as Knight of St. Patrick's, under the rule of "Th' Abercorns." It was "a great day for Ireland entirely," and the pageant was uncommonly well done. Vast and costly preparations were made which took up months; the Cathedral, so lately restored, was gutted, as it were.

The scene at the moment of Investiture was most effective. A goodly show of the Lordly Knights were "whipped up" so as to form a procession. There had been misgivings, for the "show" entailed the purchase of costly robes of blue, well embroidered,

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which many of these well-encumbered nobles could not afford. But it was managed.

Another painted butterfly that fluttered about the Castle was Colonel Doyle, an airy dandy in a state of wonderful preservation, mainly owing to his own persistent exertions. The painting, indeed, was more than figurative. Who can forget the dapper thin glossy hair, the pink enamelled face, the gay, youthful manner and brisk motion? There were endless stories about Doyle and his innocent absurdities.

Two officers at the club door were disputing with a carman as to his fare, and his "chaff" quite overpowered them. They sent in for Doyle, the ancient dandy, who was supposed to be "a hand" at this sort of thing. He began on the man, who at once "countered" him. "What are you spaking about, old chap? Sorra a back tooth you have in your head this moment." This happy guess quite discomfited the old buck, who at once retired.

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I was told by Tom Rice-Henn—"little Tommy Henn" he was always called—of his meeting Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, or Lytton Bulwer, at a dinner party in Dublin. The great man was coldly reserved, and took little notice of anybody. The subject of Oxford Prose Poems being started, "Tommy," by some chance, recalled a striking passage in Bulwer's own poem, entitled "Fame," I think, and quoted the lines with much spirit. Bulwer, much flattered, was enchanted, devoted himself to the reciter for the rest of the night, and made him promise to come and see him.

It was wittily said of him that his name should be translated "*Poulet au riz*." The Dublin nicknames were often very superior, such as that of a stout Mrs. Pope, who was dubbed "Papal Aggression." Another, whose name was Louisa, was called "Unlimited Loo." The two musical brothers with stiff collars were known as "Collard and Collard." One lady was "Bet Bouncer"; another,

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“Palpitating Poll.” A little Lord always following Mrs. —— was dubbed “The Widow’s Mite,” and so on.

À propos of these ancient officials, the Mastership of the Horse has been held immovably and irremovably, I suppose, for some forty years or so by a veteran retainer, Colonel F——, “the man with the lock,” as he used to be spoken of, from his carriage of a prominent curl which fell over his fine eye. I believe it does so still, and that its owner still blooms and flourishes and makes a brave show, youthful and spry as ever. That lock did much havoc, causing strife and jealousies.

The Commissioners of the City Police had for me a certain interest from their very names and connections. One who held the office long, long ago, was Colonel Browne, who was the brother of the once admired poetess, Felicia Hemans. He was reputed to be somewhat “close” in his entertainments, and some of his friends gave him a very practical hint as to this. He had invited

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them on his birthday, entertaining them with a very modest display, especially in the way of wine. Some wag rose to give his health, and in a speech of simulated enthusiasm called for “Highland honours!” Not only were the glasses “charged,” but every one was flung over their heads and shivered to pieces, the process being accompanied by a torrent of affectionate congratulations. The agonies of the host were terrible. The other Commissioner was Colonel Lake of Kars, an amiable, much-liked man, always in demand at the innumerable dinners. It seems extraordinary nowadays that such a hero should not have been a K.C.B. He was given only this inappropriate post.

The “Levy-day,” as it was called, was “a great time entirely.” There was a complacent illusion abroad that unless you presented yourself at Court your absence would be acutely felt and might be remarked upon when you came to press for advancement. Accordingly

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it became a sort of duty to "go to the levy;" barristers, doctors, merchants, all prepared themselves. Many people hired their court suit, dreadfully venerable garments already worn by scores of people. The charge, I think, was two guineas "for both occasions," *i.e.*, levy and drawing-room. The needy barrister would often "club" with two or three others in a cab, and thus the quartette would wend their way to the Castle. It was said, indeed, that a pair have been known to "club" for the hired suit, one going early, returning, and divesting himself of the garments in good time for the other to don them. The "draw'n-room," however, was quite a brilliant spectacle, a perfect gala, well worth seeing and enjoying. For weeks before, every milliner in the place, the Mannings, Forrests, *e tutti quanti*, were hard and fast at it, working double tides, designing and perfecting rich and expensive dresses with trains of inordinate length. Dublin folk used to know well this Mrs. Manning of

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Grafton Street, a milliner of genius and well up-to-date. She had a great *clientèle* all over Ireland and even in London. It always struck me that she was like Madame Mantalini in the story and had very much her lofty ways.

Another *modiste*, who later became a sort of rival, was one Mrs. Sims, in favour with her present Majesty, who at one time patronised her work. Mrs. Sims used to relate long histories of her visits to Marlborough House and of the good-natured affability of her august employer, with many a “Now, Mrs. Sims, I want you to—&c.” On the morning after the “draw’n-room” the papers had columns describing the dresses of the ladies, as thus : “Mrs. O’Toole, of Castle O’Toole, Co. Cork, a rich *moiré* white silk bodice and skirt, with train to match, skirt covered with the best *appliquée* lace, feathers, lappets, and diamonds. Miss O’Toole, same ; Miss Mary O’Toole (first presentation), same as her sister.” And in another part of the paper :

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“ We understand that Mrs. O’Toole’s striking costume, which excited such admiration at the recent drawing-room, was *not* made in London, but was (exclusive) from the tasteful *atelier* of Mrs. ——, &c.”

At these drawing-rooms the Viceroy enjoyed a privilege, which he was never slow to act upon, of saluting all the young *débutantes*, most of them very pretty young things, fresh from the country, and greatly agitated at what was before them. The words “first presentation” called out loudly was the signal. Often he had a hundred or so of these interesting operations to perform. But on the other side of the account the poor fellow had to pay his tribute to many “undesirables” in the persons of certain superannuated, rather plain matrons and spinsters, and to do the job cheerfully and with an air of enjoyment. He could set off one against the other. Some of the spectacles presented were often astonishing enough, beings of enormous proportions, whose vast necks and “bows,” as

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Bob Williams would have called them, were struggling to escape from the slender fetters contrived by the milliners. And such costumes too, blazing crimsons, massive poplins of a fierce green or yellow, strange, indescribable compositions furnished by "Cannock and White," "Todd and Burns," or some other of what were called "monster shops."

Patrick's Night was always opened with a procession of the castle "supers," as before described, all wearing shamrocks, while the poor Lord Carlisle tried "to do the Irish business" by exhibiting an extra-enormous bunch. The "quick-witted natives," as Lord Morris always called them, are never taken in by these cheap histrionics, any more than they are at the music-halls by the cockney who comes on with a green-tailed coat and caubeen. The poor tag and rag in their hired court suits were genuinely excited by the rare spectacle of the "coort," and pressed eagerly forward to see. But a couple of footmen, walking in front, pushed them aside, as they would

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canaille, and then the Chamberlain, full of his dignity, would sternly call out : “Stand back, please, *His Excellency!*” I see the whole now—the band in the gallery (Hanlon’s) striking up “God Save the Queen,” the excited Carlisle making for his throne, and then the country dance formed to the tune of “Patrick’s Day.”

For a number of years Hanlon and his band were in great vogue, and played, with wonderful spirit and precision, all the new German and French valses, &c. He might send to your party only three or four “fiddlers,” and yet the result was delightful. Then he would expand into a full orchestra of thirty or so, the effect of which was equally good. It was difficult to secure Hanlon *lui-même* without a long engagement, or much wheedling from a fair employer. How well I recall one “Patrick’s Night” at which the fascinating little Piccolomini was a guest, led out as she was by the worthy Carlisle ; and when Hanlon from the gallery struck up the

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delightful “Il Bacio,” then for the first time given as a valse, how it entranced all the dancers and had to be given over and over again. What a scene it was!—a mob of “feathers, lappets, and diamonds” flying round in perfect riot with the court-suits or military uniforms. The pleasant lilt still rings in my ears.

There was a sort of stage at the top of the room, a sort of place of honour—always spoken of by the natives as “The Dawse” or “Daäs.” Other people called it *dais*. “My woife is on the dawse, she was taken up there by one of the *Edge-du-congs*.” “His Excellency”—this emphasis was common, as also “The Lady Lift’nant”—would seat himself on “the throne,” enjoying, devouring the sight, with more than usually opened mouth. Sometimes he grew languid, and then his satellites bestirred themselves and brought special favourites to quicken him up.

A favourite local delusion was that this “*Pathrick’s Hall*” of the Castle was about

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the finest and noblest apartment known and quite unsurpassed in the three kingdoms. Also that the “Patrick’s ball” given on the Saint’s day was a thing to see, and one that strangers might come from far to admire. Now, this St. Patrick’s Hall, as I prefer to call it, was really nothing extraordinary, though a large and spacious room. I remember an English friend who went with me expressing his amazement : “ You don’t tell me that this is the *great* St. Patrick’s Hall we have heard so much of ? ” The clever Irish, however, tell each other it *is* “ the finest room anywhere,” and will go on doing so, and so the thing will be accepted.

At Balls it was often droll to hear the police on duty shouting for the vehicles—a duty they would hardly accept in London. It was “Mrs. Malone’s Kyar, come up ! ” and the box on wheels would arrive, duly backing to the pavement, when a couple of richly-attired females would get in. Some one protested that he had actually heard “Mrs.

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Murphy's *Inside*, come up!" on which followed the progressive stages: "Mrs. Murphy's Inside *is* coming up!" and finally "Mrs. Murphy's Inside *stops the way!*" This, I think, was one of Bob Williams's tales. I heard once a policeman call loudly for Mrs. Village Church's carriage, and presently recognised the lady as Mrs. Villiers Stuart.

This "Patrick's ball" was always supposed to be a highly rollicking affair. Every one who had been at a levée or drawing-room was entitled to go, and had to go—and dance too—in court costume. The Chamberlain would issue his edicts in humble imitation of the greater court—"Ladies to wear feathers, &c." It may be imagined what a promiscuous crowd there was.

I have mentioned Hanlon's band, but by-and-by Hanlon and his methods grew obsolete, and he was gradually supplanted by a musician of extraordinary merit, who rose from the smallest beginnings. This artist was named Liddell, a pianoforte slayer of

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wonderful spirit and dramatic power. He conceived the idea of forming a small band of three or four instruments, but of which the piano should be the inspiring factor, and speedily, by careful training and perpetual rehearsals, he worked his little force up into a most admirable *ensemble*. His own performance was truly extraordinary for its "dash" and brilliancy, and he seemed to have taken for his model the Vienna Strauss. For he would every now and again, when the music was flagging, "rush in," as it were, and, sometimes standing up, stimulate the whole by the wildest displays. His own somewhat grotesque figure and autocratic methods added to the effect. Great ladies had to plead humbly, and even coax him to attend their parties. He almost took the airs of a Paderewski. By-and-by he enlarged his forces, and at last formed a large and admirable orchestra, which he conducted with the same *verve* and brilliancy, having a *répertoire* of the most delicious *valses*. It was a treat to

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hear him at the Viceregal balls. In process of time his fame spread to London, and it was not an uncommon thing for some dame of fashion to send for Liddell's Band from Dublin. Finally he found his way to Buckingham Palace.

There have been a few Viceroys who have really "done the thing" with splendour and lavish magnificence. The first in order of this class was the Earl of Eglinton, who came with his buxom lady, who had been a wealthy Irish widow—Mrs. Cockerell. Her ingots had done much to restore the Thane's impaired estate. She brought with her the well-known Andrew Cockerell, a pleasant fellow and privileged joker, whose jests were always in circulation, and who was on the establishment for years. It seems now a curious thing to have looked on the contriver of the Tournament which made such a stir; yet then it was not so many years before, perhaps ten. He was the first to introduce pomp and state and glitter—the finest horses

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and retainers. He was lavishly hospitable, spent money liberally, and was in a measure popular. The mob, however, is always quick-witted enough to see below these devices, and can distinguish between what is done for mere effect and what is natural and unaffected display.

Perhaps the most showy of the whole series was that great northern, the Marquis of Abercorn, later Duke of that name. He was a perfect Thane—stiff, haughty, with a Caledonian “gude conceit of himself,” albeit he and his Clan had been some centuries established in Ireland. His lady was a true *grande dame*, and ever comported herself as such. This great personage set himself out for magnificent state, not with any view to making a show, but because he considered it all due to himself and to his high family. He always bore himself with a haughty but reserved condescension, which impressed the lieges wonderfully. There is a pleasant tale told of two of the natives who had been to the Castle

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and were contrasting the demeanour of Lord Spencer or Lord Carlisle with that of Lord Abercorn. “Ah sure, I’m for Abercorn any day. Now, Carlisle, you see, would receive you in the most cordial way, and talk and be delighted to see you ; ask how you were, and all that. *But give me Abercorn.* Shure there he stood, without a word, lookin’ down with the utmost contempt on you, *just as if you were the very dirt of his shoe.*” A good shrewd lesson here for those who would gain popular favour. It was extraordinary how this *hauteur* of his pervaded all the court. There were no freedoms or *laisser-aller*. Everything was formal. Only people of the highest rank were invited. This noble family was generally spoken of in the City as “Th’ Abercorns”—“Are you goin’ to Th’ Abercorns?” &c. The youngest daughter of the house was the Lady Georgina Hamilton, a pleasing, pale-looking girl, in constant attendance on her mother. She seemed to be assiduously followed by a well-preserved veteran

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soldier, who was then in command at the Royal Hospital of the Forces in Ireland, which generally mustered from thirty to forty thousand strong. This was Lord Strathnairn, at the time Sir Hugh Rose—a curious figure, long and lanky, with a strange, lean, and very pitiless face that seemed to warrant the stories that came to us of his Indian severities. To his officers he was reported to be repelling and harsh. But with the ladies he was the most engaging old dandy in the world—juvenile, too, his voice attuned to low and even sweet tones. His reception by them, the young particularly, was ever flattering, and really, considering his exploits and services, I do not wonder that he was found attractive. The gossips soon came to have it that he was seriously “after” the Lady Georgina, but those who knew the hero better felt that this was but a gentle flirtation—a pastime to which he was much given.

Many a pleasant ball we had in the panelled halls of the Royal Hospital. These were not

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promiscuous gatherings, and invitations were not easy to obtain. The hall, crowded with soldiers and high-bred dames and pretty girls, flying round in "the mazy," was a sight to remember. It has seen many occupants from the time of the old Sir Edward Blakeney, of the Peninsular and other wars, who was so feeble in health that his more masterful lady was supposed to arrange everything, as Mrs. Proudie did for her bishop. Sir Owen Burne, who was secretary to Lord Strathnairn, could, I think, tell much of the later doings.

Another Commander-in-Chief was an old Peninsular officer who had also figured in the Crimea and at Waterloo—that worthy veteran, Sir George Browne. I see him now with his honest full-moon face looking round benevolently on every one as he came into some crowded room. He was very popular with the ladies. There was also Lord Seaton, a tall and stately old soldier, thin, stooped, and delicate-looking ; as well he might be, for he also had been in the Peninsula and

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at Waterloo. How curious does it now seem to be writing down such things—to have seen and talked with folks who had been fighting battles nigh a hundred years ago ! Yet such were common enough then. I thought little of it when an old major of my acquaintance used casually to describe to me the retreat to Corunna in which he had a part, and of which he seemed to think the most heart-breaking incident was, not the tamishing and starvation and bare feet, but the having to throw whole waggon-loads of gold and silver pieces down the precipices to save them from the French !

I know of a good story of Lord Abercorn which I had from Florence Marryat, then going about the country with a “monopologue” of her own, as she called it, and also editing a magazine. In this latter had appeared a rather free article on the Abercorn family, describing how nearly all the daughters had been fortunate enough to marry into the most illustrious families, with other par-

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ticulars. Presently the lively Florence, coming by Dublin, bethought her that the patronage of the court would be useful, so she applied for it. But she had forgotten her article. To her astonishment, she received a severe letter saying that such patronage could not be extended, as she had made most unwarrantable comments on his Excellency's family : that his daughters had no need to seek high alliances ; such were only what their rank and high lineage entitled them to : there was no wonder in the matter at all. Miss Marryat showed me this odd paper. It was evident the high-souled Thane was touched to the quick. She was very angry, and told me she was determined to "show them all up." She would publish the letter with an account of the whole transaction. Now, seeing what confusion this would lead to, and having a little admiration for the nobleman, who had thus "given himself away," I told her that if she only left it to me I thought I could manage to smooth it over,

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and after some persuasion she agreed. I happened to know an official at the court, and wrote to him, hinting at the *exposé* about to be made, and how awkward it would be to bring family matters before the public. I could assure him that the lady meant no offence ; that she was much hurt at the rebuke, and that it might be as well to soothe her feelings by letting her have the usual patronage for her "show." The reply came—an almost joyful letter, full of thanks and gratitude, admitting that what I had said was truly reasonable, and that all should be done as I suggested. And so it *was* done, and the show came off with success. I have always rather prided myself on this transaction as a very creditable little bit of diplomacy, which however was not so unselfish as might be supposed.

It was characteristic of the stately Abercorn that when a number of professional waiters were engaged for some of his great balls he went to the expense of dressing them all up in tights and black silk stockings, shoe-

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buckles, &c., so as to range with his own menials. This was doing the thing *en grand seigneur*. On his second Viceroyalty he came as Duke of Abercorn, being the only holder of the office who has secured this showy guerdon for his services.

Lord Wodehouse—the Lord Kimberley who has just died—who had been the governor of colony, one of the smaller officials of the Government, had been sent over to learn the business and practise for official work. He had but little fortune, and had the credit—perhaps unreasonably—of economising his emoluments, and of trying to save what he could out of the £20,000 a year or so allowed. There have been penurious governors, notably the Earl of B——, who was said to have sent a donation at Christmas of a single “shin-bone of beef” to the Mendicity Institution. This was never forgotten, and at one of his processions an actual shin-bone of beef was carried solemnly before him at the end of a long pole! This charity

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was one of the eccentricities of the city. I don't know what it meant exactly, or what its purpose was, but it was significant and even natural to have such an institution officially recognising beggary in a country where most people beg.

There were charity sermons *galore*. I remember at the end of the sermon there was always a sort of race between the congregation, shuffling away to escape contribution, and the collectors, gentlemen selected by way of honour, and who, furnished with willow-pattern plates, hastily took up their posts at the door to intercept those trying to get away. In return for the distinction they were expected to deposit a one-pound note at the least upon their plates. For the benefit of the poor "sick and indigent room-keepers" there was always (another oddity) a fancy dress ball at the Rotunda.

Another institution that was rife in the city was that of bazaars on a gigantic scale

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for the Society of St. Vincent de Paul and similar admirable charities. Enormous sums were taken ; every device, whether legal or illegal it did not matter, was resorted to to raise money. Lotteries on a vast scale, with jaunting cars, pictures, sums of money, as prizes, were organised, and books of tickets with handsome bonuses for the sellers were sent away in every direction. In vain, at various periods, the legal authorities took up the matter, and issued threatening warnings, as to prosecution ; no one paid the least attention, and the thing went on as before.

The Spencer *régime* seemed to me rather colourless, as was also that of Lord Cowper. At the time Lady Cowper was in her prime and much admired. The papers used to speak of "Spencer's Fairy Queen." Under their rule there were unhappily agitated times. I remember one special day in Dublin, which indeed was quite a lurid one, as I look back. Yet it was a gala—the entrance

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of the Home Rule Lord-Lieutenant, Lord Spencer, in a sort of triumph, after the cashiering of the sturdy Forster and the weak but worthy Lord Cowper. It also brought the luckless Lord Frederick Cavendish. The *corsege* had been a grand one, all the windows were filled, and some of us noted a carriage and ponies flying past, driven by the sister of one of the unfortunate pair who were to take their last walk that evening. That walk to the park had ever been a favourite with me ; I used to go along the quays, and pursue the long fair avenue that led to the Under-Secretary's lodge. But for the festivity I should have taken it that day as usual, and perhaps have had a share of some sort in the event. It was a strange thing that nothing was known of the murders that night, though one of our family, who came in late from a dinner party, said that there was a rumour that something awful had occurred in the park : while others said a great person had been murdered.

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We all laughed at this as an exaggeration. But when I went out the next morning the newspapers—an unusual thing, it being Sunday—were being cried in the streets : “Murder of Mr. Burke and Lord Frederick Cavendish ! ”

The dynasty that came to make a real show was that of the Duke of Marlborough, and it must be said there was a good deal of solid grandeur displayed. The name of Blenheim and Churchill was something to conjure with. Loving such associations, I always find myself looking on people of this stamp with extraordinary interest. On their staff, as secretary, was the gifted Lord Randolph Churchill, then scarcely thought of except as a clever, promising young man. The Duchess was a striking-looking, “monumental” lady, and it was given out, as a claim to popularity, that she was “a born Irishwoman.” She was, in fact, one of the Londonderrys—*i.e.*, of the Stewart Clan. In her time was the

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“great distress,” a truly grand time for the patriots and fussy people generally. There was “the Duchess of Marlborough Fund,” to which money came streaming in from all parts of the world; and as it wouldn’t do to have nothing but “the dirty Saxon money goin’” there was the rival Mansion House Fund. No one can conceive the general fun and excitement, there being a large committee of ladies and gentlemen sitting at the Castle, the pleasant Lord Randolph acting as secretary, his mother in the chair. The difficulty was to find objects of charity, and every one was grateful when some distressful district was discovered or when some local priest applied. The money and goods were poured out as water.

The most rollicking incident connected with the Relief Fund was the happy suggestion of getting up an opera for the benefit of the Relief Fund. The piece selected was *H.M.S. Pinafore*, then in the height of its success, and it was determined that it should

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be played in St. Patrick's Hall. The parts were cast : Sir Joseph Porter to the facetious Captain M'Almont ; the Captain, the present Sir W. Barrington ; the "bum-boat" lady, Mrs. Langley ; and the heroine, Miss G——F——, one of the musical sisters of Merrion Street. There were few more popular or more capable women in the place than their mother. She had an extraordinary spirit and a power of carrying out whatever she had set her mind upon. All who knew her she converted into friends, I believe, for the reason that they saw how good-naturedly she was inclined, and how able she was to carry out whatever she professed to do. The firm of "Able and Willing" will always find friends. Even hollow-hearted fashionable dames had a sincere liking for her. Those of the lower and working classes would, I fancy, have done anything for her. In addition, she had much good sense and sound judgment. Her prime maxim, which she particularly applied to

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Dublin society, was that good society was to be gained with less trouble than it takes to secure bad, and that "nice" folk are just as accessible as those of the lower class.

But the palmy days of this vice-regal method of reigning were reached when that singular being, Lord Carlisle—erst known as a respectable politician—was sent to preside over the country. Then the fun really began. No satrap could be more determined to amuse himself and make of life a jest. Had a red fez been clapped upon his head, and a chibook put into his hand, he would have seemed a jovial Turk.

And, to begin with, what an extraordinary face it was!—rubicund cheeks, an enormous mouth, perpetually kept open, and opening yet wider as his interest in what he was looking at increased—*his* mode of expressing enjoyment—the lower lip spreading out like that of a jug, with thick white hair hanging over his

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forehead, with usually a blue coat to set all off—surely here was an extraordinary portrait. Add to this a strange lack-lustre stare, which became almost “oafish” as he grew absorbed, and a curious voice that seemed at times to be “gargling.” Such was the presumed ruler of Dublin, at least ; of course, in the government of the country generally he was not allowed to participate. He was sent chiefly to amuse or tickle the groundlings. He had conceived the idea of the stage Irishman—as of a light-hearted race, ready to be soothed in the most elementary fashion. He fancied they were the people of Harry Lorrequer and Charles O’Malley. Never shall I forget some of his earliest appearances in “the Castle yard,” when on the Queen’s birthday, according to regular tradition, the guard was relieved with grand solemnities—immense crowds, chiefly of ragamuffins from “the Liberties,” a sort of Irish Seven Dials—and who, always interested in the “sojers,” crowded into the Castle yard. Presently the “Lord Liftinint”

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would make his appearance on the balcony, ostentatiously wearing an immense bunch of shamrock and surrounded by his “coort.”

As the band played Irish airs specially designed and ordered to humour the natives—“Patrick’s Day” over and over again—some ragged fellows, going out into the middle, set up a sort of jig to the music, more by way of burlesque than anything else. Lord Carlisle, stooping over the balcony, his mouth opening wider and wider with enjoyment, encouraged these ragamuffins with gesture and voice. It seemed such a thoroughly Irish scene. Then he rushed into the room beyond and reappeared laden with cakes, bread, &c., which he actually threw down to the mob—amid the yells and shouts of the rest, who struggled and fought for the morsels. This humiliating scene went on for a long time. All in authority really believed that the way to treat the lower Irish was to approach them much as Captain Cook did the savages, with glass beads, &c.

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Few of us, save old people, have seen Liston the actor, but the likeness of Lord Carlisle was recognised at once and was often insisted on. So too was repeated the player's humorous complaint: "This fellow will take the bread out of my mouth." It would be difficult to give an idea of his antics. He had all the caprices and parti-alities of the Commander of the Faithful, and his attendants were for ever on the look out to bring him some attraction who might be established as favourite. Any one that suggested a new entertainment—something novel or exciting—became his friend on the spot. Two little simple but interesting girls may have arrived from the country—one singing, one playing the violin—say, daughters of a country doctor. These a lucky aide-de-camp heard of—or heard performing. The astonished father and his treasures were dragged off to court and installed as favourites. Concerts were got up for them. The Viceroy was seen seated before the fair

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violinist, his mouth distended and cavernous, as if to swallow her, fiddle and all—an amazing spectacle. "See him now fly-catching," once said a dutiful member of his staff.

Merrion Square, or "Muryon," as it is pronounced, is a fine square, covering an immense area and surrounded by large, "spacious" mansions. Some of these are really noble and vast in their staircases and reception rooms. To live here was evidence, ostensibly at least, of prosperity. Hence it used to be dotted here and there with doctors' residences, and these, curious to say, on one side only—the physicians' side or the sunny one, where I think one, Sir H. Marsh's, boasted a fine vine. Merrion Square is now a perfect Harley Street for its number of doctors.

There was a house just at the corner of this square, and facing the Leinster Lawn, which was completely overgrown from kitchen to garret with the most luxuriant Virginian creeper that could be seen. The owner had been cultivating and encouraging it for some

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thirty years. It had, however, its drawback, for it had become a perfect aviary. Hundreds of sparrows had established themselves in its foliage, and the twitterings and general din had become a serious annoyance. Many councils were held, and it was finally determined to cut the tree down. But many were the warnings from the wise old women of both sexes. It was an unlucky thing to do—it is invariably so. The sparrows, when injured or driven away, could revenge themselves; for their enemy was sure to be driven away himself. One might smile at these things, as the owner did. And so, on the fateful day, the gardeners came with axes, ladders, &c. The little sparrows were all away foraging, but what a surprise greeted them when they returned: their leafy abode clean gone, and a brick wall greeting them! The scene that followed was described to me: the evicted creatures gathered in vast crowds on the balconies, uttering torrents of angry reproaches, screams, twitters, addressed to those they

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saw looking out at them. After long dallying they gradually dispersed ; I suppose, to look for other quarters.

Now for the sequel. The owner, who had been, as I said, an old inhabitant of the city, went away in the summer with the family to some of the English baths, as one member was in delicate health. They were to return after a course of the waters ; but it was decreed by the doctors that it would be essential to go for the winter to some mild watering-place. This was done. After the winter another place was ordered, and so began a course of wanderings in search of health or relief. These continued for some twelve or fourteen years ; during which time the patient and the head of the family had passed away. The remaining member did not care to return. The house was disposed of ; and thus the sparrow warning came true. Of course, this was the idlest superstition ; but I know the family always thought uneasily of the business.

There was an interesting figure at the

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court in Lord Carlisle's day, whose appearance roused some romantic associations. This was Lady Guy Campbell, who was always spoken of as "Pamela's daughter"—the Pamela who was supposed to be Madame de Genlis' child, and who was married to the ill-fated Lord Edward FitzGerald. Here was a curious link with the past and with the dark days of the Rebellion. Lady Guy was a pleasant-looking, good-humoured lady. Her son was long about the person of his Majesty.

Among the many "favourites" unearthed for the delectation of "his Ex." was a young and piquant little Italian widow who had been *Prima Donna Assoluta* at some small Italian town, and had come to settle in Dublin. She was a bright, lively creature, and was universally received on her own merits. The indefatigable C—— soon marked her down, and she was presently installed prime favourite at the court, her pretty broken English and lively speeches being

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quite irresistible. Her voice was really good, albeit shrill, and she could perform wonderfully dashing, but ear-piercing, vocal feats. Never was the Gargantuan mouth opened so wide as during these exercises, when he would draw over his chair in front of the piano and gaze as if about to devour her slight self, notes and all. She always treated him *sans cérémonie*, and with a sort of pertness that delighted. As when he said, "Now, my dear Mrs. ——, when are you going to give me a night ?" "How dare, sir, of you to propose such a thing !" This gave huge enjoyment. There was nothing but concerts and recitals, in which the fair *prima donna* figured largely.

Another well-established court favourite, and deservedly so, was Mrs. E. G——, a well-known dame and a lady of many gifts, the most extraordinary of which was a rather unusual sort of organ—that is, an almost male tenor voice, which she had cultivated and developed with extraordinary taste and success. It was often amusing to watch the

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very natural and unfeigned astonishment of the newly-arrived stranger, who was prepared for a performance of the usual kind by many a “Now you’ll hear something like singing!” as the lady, standing out, gave forth from her ample throat and chest those unexpected and charnel-house tones. Sometimes he would be inclined to smile at the very oddity of the tones ; but seeing from the faces and applause of the court party that it was the *thing* to admire, he came gradually to be enchanted.

When Lord Carlisle arrived first, it was found that he had brought with him as his chaplain one of the handsomest young parsons that ever appeared on the local stage. An exquisitely cut face, lovely curling brown hair and beard, faultlessly trimmed : young, attractive, shrewd, ready of speech, lively—such was the Reverend Walter C——. He would have speedily won every girl’s heart in the place, but for that one indefinable yet all-important failing—lack of sympathy—and an incurable cynicism. He had besides a most

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disdainful and almost contemptuous bearing to everything that was native, and never ceased ridiculing or mimicking the accent and absurdities and blunders of Mrs. Toole or Mrs. Murphy. His extraordinary cleverness gave point to these exhibitions. Again, he was perpetually talking of himself. Yet, all the time he was friendly to those he liked, and did many a good-natured thing for those he considered genuine people.

The handsome chaplain did not let his office interfere with his engagements, and used to be seen at the balls and other enjoyments of the court, to the displeasure of all serious persons—who were quite Calvinistic in their strictness. He, however, took little heed. The ladies smiled on and encouraged him. Presently he found all such restraint too inconvenient, and formally “disfrocked” himself “under the Act,” I believe, and thus became happily rid of his gown and bands. He changed himself into “Assistant Private Secretary.” The white tie was indeed any-

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thing but becoming to his classical features. He was a great favourite with “his Ex.,” as he always called his chief—both were Yorkshiremen, *pur sang*—and him he speedily held in the hollow of his hand, and could adroitly persuade or mould to do anything that he wished. The good-natured chief may indeed have been somewhat in awe of his sarcastic tongue and powers of mimicry. And what a clever fellow he was! He had the art of making himself a *personage* wherever he went, and of taking one of the forward places. When any distinguished visitors arrived from England, he was the one who became most intimate with them, as a “regular London man.” It was amusing indeed how this superior “London tone” was assumed by this one particular set, as though they were all in temporary banishment at some unhealthy island, or quartered, as it were, in some village. I recall one of them at a performance at the grand old Theatre Royal when Sothern was performing his *David*

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Garrick, and how he found fault with two of the inferior characters. Then sadly: “And yet a fortnight ago they were perfection.” “But they were not here then?” said some one. “*I was speaking of London,*” replied the other, slowly and with a cold pity. Neither was there the least scruple as to abusing contemptuously all things Irish in presence of, and to, the Irish ladies and gentlemen. Everything was “*so Irish,*” “*so thoroughly Irish.*” “What could you expect in this wretched place?” The natives, I am bound to say, particularly the ladies, joined heartily in the depreciation, as though it did not affect them—“for you know, Mr. C——, we are most of us, that is, all of us of th’ upper classes, *half English, you know.*” “No doubt,” the impudent fellow would reply, with due gravity; “everybody can see that.” But the haughty country dames of good names and families did sincerely regard themselves as of the English garrison, and looked disdainfully on the herd of

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“Romanists” among whom they were compelled to live. The most “superior” of all were the English ladies who had married Irishmen, and whose tone of having sacrificed themselves and of knowing nothing about the people—how *could* they be expected to know or learn anything about them?—was quite amusing. The poor husbands were made to feel the honour that had been done them.

There was a tall hussar on the Viceroy’s staff, with a good baritone voice and a great taste for music, whom every lady was only too eager to “accompany”—on the piano, at the least. As he was a dark-eyed handsome fellow, the ex-chaplain did not at all relish his success, particularly as he was a sort of pet of the deputy sovereign’s. The tone he took with him was that of constant *persiflage* and ridicule, particularly in the presence of the admiring ladies. He would rather delight in exhibiting his own superior manner at his expense. Thus at one of these “Castle Concerts” he came

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up. "Come, P——," he said, "you are to show off next ; the ladies will be delighted to hear you sing 'She shines before me like a star.' Come along at once." The other refused rather peevishly, and seemed to resent this dictatorial treatment. "What ! You won't leave the fair ? Fie ! fie ! Now, you'd better—Come. Take my advice, for you'll *have* to come." As P—— declined to be ordered off in this fashion, his tormentor went away, but presently returned with smiling triumph. "There, I told you you'd *have* to come. His Ex. has sent for you, and you *are* to sing 'She shines before me.' Come, now"—in a soothing way—"don't be a bold child any more, or we'll have to send you to bed." And so, smiling at the ladies, he led off his victim fuming and raging.

C—— loved to be thought intellectual—to be the friend of literary men. He had a wonderful memory, and thought nothing of standing up on the rug to recite—which he did

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with a fervour and passion that he by no means felt. His favourite piece was Tennyson's "Northern Farmer," which he gave with admirable effect—the dialect was, of course, familiar to him as a Yorkshireman—and Poe's "The Raven." He certainly threw himself into both pieces. "The Raven" was particularly dramatic. Once John Forster, Boz's friend, was dining with us—"the redoubtable critic from London"—and our hero was induced to stand up and perform. He did his best, Forster listening with a tolerant and encouraging smile and saying "it was very good indeed." The performer was but half pleased with this approval; he was accustomed to tumultuous praise.

Our friend's general topic in all his talk—and he was incessantly talking—was *himself, le moi*. I must say he did not make this fatiguing: for he set it out with great variety and cleverness and the introduction of lively comment, &c. As he talked, his favourite

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pose was the leaning his elbow on the chimney piece in a d'Orsay attitude. Once he was introduced into a novel, drawn to the very life in this especially favourite attitude, a most graceful pose, the while discoursing, and ever and anon taking glimpses of himself. He taxed the author with having introduced him and added naïvely, "you must have meant me, because that is my constant attitude." "And of a good many others too," said the other, laughing. A compliment or two placated C—— : and I fancy he rather thought it was a feather in his cap.

At one time he was quite engrossed with a rather feeble play of Feuillet's, called *Maxime* —extracts from which he read out to select friends and to great applause. He then translated it, and was persuaded by the fair to have it printed for their better enjoyment of it ; and this also he read aloud. Then followed what always seemed to me one of the most comical illustrations of self-delusion I have seen. What with the extracts and the

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reading of the whole, the criticisms and the raptures and applause, he came at last to believe—genuinely too—that he had written the piece! Once a young lady timorously suggested that she thought such an expression a little unnatural in the character. “Why,” said he, with a scornful glance, “can’t you see that nothing else will suit the situation? Don’t you see how *I led up* to it in the preceding scene—paved the way, by making Maxime say, &c. I prepared for it all.” This was droll enough.

C—— was a ready and a skilful actor, though hardly yet equipped to exhibit himself on the public boards. He was great, however, at the country houses in amateur theatricals. There were other houses and other readings—all to a perfect clamour of applications—“Oh dear, Mr. C——, *won’t* you *act* it?” said the fair hypocrites; “you *must* act, for you are really Maxime himself! Bring it out at the Theatre Royal, and we shall all take tickets and go.” Beguiled by these frail promises, the

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rash C—— not only printed his translation, fancying that every one would buy, but actually took the Theatre Royal, engaged actors, and brought out the play—his play, or “my piece,” as he always called it. By the mere right of performance, Feuillet’s name was absorbed into his. It proved a costly mistake. On that large arena and huge stage the too cynical tones of our super-refined performer, with his would-be delicate strokes of “business”—very telling in a room—faded into nothing. Our grand actor, who could teach all the world, showed forth as a rather weakish amateur. Friends were perforce obliged to muster in the boxes. “His Ex.” was in his own box with his staff, who came to chuckle over the conceited fellow’s failure. But who could *compel* the pit and galleries to attend? *They* cared nothing for the elegant Walter C——, Esq., who had not even A.D.C. after his name. I do not know how he contrived to pay the bill—or bills, for there was to be a second, yea, a third night,

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which in the lightness of his heart he had contracted for.

We had our “command nights” when “his Excellency” went in state, to the delight of the galleries. The Viceregal box was the object of perpetual intrigue, every would-be fashionable scheming, through some hanger-on of the court, to obtain it for a night when it was not in use. “Who’s that in the Viceregal box? Why, it’s the ——s!” This was thought a delightful thing to have said of one, and added to the enjoyment of occupation. In anticipation they could, for days before, tell their friends, “We have got the Viceregal box for to-night!”

Lord Carlisle had a fashion on these command nights of putting his great white head out of the box and staring up at the galleries to watch their buffooneries. There used to be screams of delight at this sign of interest. One fellow would call out, “Aisy, boys; what a pity he has no childer.” And another, “Ah! shure he’s done his best.”

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On this hint he would abruptly withdraw his head. Among the higher classes there was a good deal of fun on this score, especially in connection with his motto, "*Volo, non valeo.*"

C—— gave other exhibitions of himself much more favourable. In *Still Waters Run Deep*, got up by Lady Emily Peel at "The Lodge," he was excellent. It was a comic note of our society that these curt titles were presumed to be understood of everybody. "The Lodge" was the Chief Secretary's Lodge in the park ; and there was also the Viceregal Lodge. There was "Patrick's" (which denoted St. Patrick's Cathedral), "Christ's" (Christ Church Cathedral), Stephen's Green for St. Stephen's. There was something of a mental vulgarity in all this. At the Lodge, then, the fair Lady Emily, of whose spouse —then Chief Secretary—the oddest tales were told, got up some plays, and under C——'s tutelage performed very well indeed.

There was yet another play at a place called

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Woodlands, which was in the far-off suburbs—a drive, I suppose, of seven or eight miles, in most cases by “job carriage,” from the quaintly-named “Gerty and Rorke’s,” who were, however, more distinguished for catering for funerals. No Catholic that respected his own memory could escape being attended by “Gerty and Rorke”: while the correct Protestant was looked after by “Waller and Begg.” By either of these firms you might depend on the thing being done well. The morning papers always took care to announce that the “arrangements” were carried out by the firms in question. Thus every one came to feel a sort of comfort in the notion of being buried. Though your friends and acquaintances might not attend you very assiduously in your lifetime, you could rely on their appearing—in an immense procession—behind you on this final morning.

En passant, I may say that in no city in the world do the local horses attend funerals to such a vast extent. I believe the animals could

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find their way to the different cemeteries—Mount Jerome and Glasnevin—in the dark almost. I suppose there is not a jobbed horse that does not visit these places once or twice in the day at the least. For in Dublin it is to the credit, not, alas, of the deceased, but of his surviving acquaintances, that they should be drawn in state after his coffin to the grave, and make a respectable show in the long line. Some one of the genteel community is thus honoured almost every morning. A lively lady—an Englishwoman, herself living in Dublin—declared to me that she was obliged to keep a special pair of horses solely for the purpose of attending funerals! These funeral horses have ragged white mops fixed on their heads, which have an odd effect, to say nothing of these being usually very old and dirty. Every one, coachmen and all, wore the white scarf, cut liberally of course, and supposed to have the exact “makins of a shirt.” There were also gloves. As a child I recall weddings

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at which there were plates of white kid gloves !

I remember the very first photographic establishment in Dublin, and the wonder and astonishment it caused. It was a little wooden structure set up on the top of the porch of the Rotunda, and was known as the Daguerreotype Studio. The image was taken on a silver plate, which had to be held in a peculiar light to see the effect. I lately found one of these early attempts, nearly faded out ; they were very dear in price, too, and there was only one copy, "negatives" being then unknown.

There used to be a curious ceremonial, on the Sovereign's birthday, I think, when half a regiment would be drawn up round the equestrian statue of King William the Third on College Green. At a signal the soldiers fired three volleys, to the general confusion of the numerous cars and carriages drawn up to witness the scene. This was one of the last tokens of the old ascendancy. It

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is astonishing, considering the violence of party spirit, that this memorial has been allowed to keep its place. O'Connell, indeed, during his mayoralty, insisted on its being repaired and furbished up, and, it was said, had it decorated in green and gold—his own livery. There was an immense sensation, which I recall perfectly, when one morning news spread through the city that the King William had been blown up. The legs and other portions of the body were found in different quarters of the city. They were reverently collected and put together again. In this connection a pleasant hoax was played off on Sir Philip Crampton, the Surgeon-General, who betimes, and before the news reached him, received an urgent message to come at once and attend a “gentleman who had fallen from his horse and *broken his legs.*”

There are two things which every Dublin—indeed, every Irish—person holds as of faith to be finer than anything of the kind

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in the United Kingdom : these are—first, the Punchestown Races ; and second, the “*Harse*” Show, as it is pronounced. “Ah, where’d ye see the likes of racin’ like Punchestown ? And as for the *Harse* Show—ah, don’t tell me, all the wurrald can’t touch it ! ” Now, as the candid friend, I own these institutions are really most excellent, but how such a claim should be set up of surpassing anything in the kingdom seems incomprehensible. We all live in a realm of delusions, and refuse to open our eyes. This Punchestown racing is really a very “moderate” affair as compared with Liverpool or others of the great steeplechases. But the delusion in the case of “the *Harse* Show” is clearly proved by the wonder and the delight at the exhibition of “leppin’” which the populace, as I really fancy, believes can only be achieved “in style” by Irishmen on Irish horses and on Irish ground. Now, this jumping of hurdles and fences and brooks is a common feature at most horse

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shows, at the Agricultural Hall notably, and very well done it is. However, we tell each other it is the finest thing in the worrl, and that people come from all parts of the worrl to see it. But *Felices errore suo.*

Oh ! the corrupting influence of this so-called “court”—the cringing, abject, reverential tone it engenders in the souls of those who were before independent—it spreads over them like a cankering rust. It was at one of these triumphant Horse Shows that I found myself beside a popular man whom I had not seen for a long time, and who greeted me heartily. He had smooth manners, and was said to be welcomed in august circles. I had known him in a previous state in a rather lower station working at his duties. I now learned that he had come to bask in the beneficent Viceregal light, that he had been “taken up” as it were—bidden to dine (mark you this !) at the state dinners—quite a different thing from the common *hoi polloi* dinners. But now I was really confounded at the change in

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him. After his first pseudo-affectionate inquiries* as to my doings, I noticed that his eyes were wandering away very uneasily and even piteously. "The Cadogans are late," he said at last. "Who?" I asked. "Oh, the Cadogans" (he gave it the full emphasis so common now, the Caduggans). I could not see how that much affected either of us. I then asked affectionately after past friends: but his thoughts were still straying away:

"He heard me, but he heeded not,
His heart was far away."

His eyes rested wistfully on the entrance gate, and he repeated again, "The CaDUGgans are *very* late. Oh," with a cry of rapture, "here they are!" and he rose up and bent forward as if to attract attention, and, as the equipages swept past, took off his hat and

* There is a common formula in these things: "Oh, you've given us up—gone to live in London—well, you're right; this is a one-horse place;" or else, "So nothing'll do you but London—no less—we poor Irish aren't good enough," etc.

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waved it. Most amazing this, I thought. Here was clearly the *lues vice-regalia*. Alas ! I tried to talk to the unhappy man, but it was of no use. He was absorbed in the Vice-regal glamour. Craning his neck forward, he would exclaim : “ D'ye see him now ?—that's Lord —— he is talking to.” “ How nice ! ” was all I could say. I wish I could give an idea of the rapturous adoration with which the unhappy man followed every movement that went on in what was called “ the Vice-regal box.”

When he had to give up his office by change of Government, poor Lord Carlisle was in despair. It was said he moped at home, missing his ragamuffins and shamrock. His joy, we supposed, must have been excessive when the turn of the wheel brought him back once more. But it was noticed that he was sadly changed. There was a vacancy in his eyes, a failure of memory, and other symptoms. After some time his case became serious. It was settled that he should go away for change

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and rest. Alas ! the pleasant jovial old fellow never returned, and we never saw him again. His malady—it was softening of the brain—was making vast strides, so that he was scarcely conscious of where he was. With him fell the brilliant C——, who had no friends to keep him there ; plenty, rather, who rejoiced that he was going. He was in despair ; he had grown accustomed to the place, and had actually begun to believe in and to like it. I recall him in London telling a party of an amusing scene at “the Lodge,” in which “the Lodge” was referred to over and over again ; some one at last asked : “Where on earth was all this ? *What* lodge ?” I cannot forget his look, as he scornfully replied : “Where ? Why, at the Viceregal Lodge, *of course !*” Poor fellow, he assumed that all the world knew of and were interested in the Lord Lieutenant and his lodge. The inquirer might have further asked : “*What* Viceregal Lodge ?” C—— fancied there was but one in the world.

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There was something pathetic in the gradual extinction of this pleasant being, who had enjoyed himself so heartily in his office. The scene of his farewell at Kingstown was described to us by his faithful henchman, C——. It was a beautiful summer's evening, and a large party of his personal friends surrounded him on the pier. He did not speak. It was clear, indeed, that his fatal malady was then strong on him. At last, said Sir George Browne, “Now, Sir, you had better go. We are only troubling you: so good-bye, sir, and God bless you!” The veteran then quite broke down. All the time Lord Carlisle kept the same fixed, stony look, turning his eyes from one to the other, and not uttering a word. He then went on board, walking slowly to the end of the vessel. As she moved away he took his hat off and held it in his hand, while the light of a gorgeous sunset streamed full upon those familiar grey locks. As the distance grew wider they could still see his curious figure, staring with a sort

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of devouring gaze. He was thinking, no doubt, that this was his last look at the pleasant land where he had had such a high old time—of “the Castle,” and its balls and concerts and lively ladies—from whence he was hurrying to the final stage, that came speedily.

When he lost his friend and patron, C—— was in a parlous way, and had nothing to turn to. But being an adroit fellow, he speedily fell upon his legs again, marrying the daughter of a very wealthy man. When I next saw him he was established in Park Lane, “no less,” as some of his Irish friends would have said, in that mansion where the balconies rest upon four nymphs or Caryatides. There he did not forget his old friends, and I was often bidden to his hospitable table, where I was sure to meet many agreeable people. His thoughts were ever straying back to the old pleasant days and to Castle legends, which he would retail to politely listening but incurious friends. He died some

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years back, I am afraid from brain affection, and one will always think of this curious and brilliant character with interest and pleasure. Poor C——!

Dublin was in those days a city of pretty girls—gay, bright things, with laughing eyes, and free and easy ways. We had not then reached the stage of the grenadier type and of massive Venuses. These were mostly *petites*; many were good-looking; and we had a good many regular official beauties. Who will forget the three handsome O's—Miss O'K., Miss O'R., and the resplendent Rose O'H.!

And what dancing there was, and what dancers we were! We have heard of "the excuse for a glass," but everything here was made an excuse for a dance. I have been at half a dozen of a night. "Carpet dances," always detestable things, were accepted gladly in lieu of nothing else. Then Turkey and other carpets of the kind were little

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known. Carpets were *nailed* tightly down, and gave out clouds of hot dust under the brushing feet. Once at a militia ball in the country—to which I had gone down, full forty miles away—a person of the place, whom I did not know, came up and said pleadingly : “ Won’t you dance? Ah! *Do!* I know some of the nicest girls in the world, and will introduce you.” When I declined, he returned, somewhat ruefully, to his *three sisters*—Ariadnes neglected ! And in what stuffy little houses we would have these carpet dances, squeezing up a narrow stair in which there was room only for a peculiarly unpleasant lodging-house smell.

At most dances was to be seen a curious apparition—a lank, elderly being, with grizzled hair and of a grotesque type, who had a perfect mania for dancing. In spite of his age, he flew round in the valse with marvellous energy and agility, and, odd to say, found plenty of the young girls to dance with. But, as a lively colonel’s wife used to say, as if

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it explained a world of things, “ Anything in trousers, my dear, anything in trousers ! ” This singular being was known as “ the Dancing Dervish.”

I recall paying a visit, in company with my friend Lord A——, to the old Duke of Leinster, great-grandfather of the present Duke (*Eheu fugaces !*), at his beautiful seat at Carton, Maynooth. He was a bald, round-headed, venerable-looking old man, very fond of music, and a great patron of Ella’s concerts. He was attended by his brother-in-law, Sir F. or Mr. Stanhope, I forget which, a sort of parchment-cheeked, slipperey being. I remember hearing from an old friend, a man of many stories, that at some ball he saw this gentleman “ stand up ” with Lady Morgan to perform a jig. They did it with extraordinary spirit, and found it impossible to tire each other down. At the close, in a weary fashion, Stanhope said to the crowd, “ Truly, it’s a great pity you Irish won’t dance your own jigs,” as though the thing *had* to be done

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by some one, who would sacrifice himself to set an example. But there was a good deal below this speech. It *is* a pity that the Irish “won’t dance their own jigs.”

The stout matrons who gave the “carpet-dances” had but the most elementary notions, and thought nothing of entrapping unthinking officers into their stuffy dens. It was a great point to have th’ officers at your party. But you need not know th’ officers. Some boldly sent invitations *en bloc* to the colonel. We may imagine the astonishment of the soldiers on finding themselves in some mean Baggot Street shanty, greeted with more than maternal heartiness by the hostess, who had never seen them before: “Delighted to see you, captain. Now, I’ll find you a noice partner, captain. *I’ll* introjuice you.” Then, confidentially, “What’s your name?” No wonder these gentry made open sport of the entertainment, all but laughing in the face of their hosts. At one of these places, however, a very unlucky Nemesis overtook them. A young fellow was seated

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on a window-sill in the back drawing room—for chairs were scarce—the curtains drawn, and was gaily expatiating and flourishing to a little “garrison hack” beside him, when he suddenly fell backwards through the curtain into the area. The poor fellow was killed on the spot. I had been in the place a day or two before. It was a fair illustration of the reckless carelessness, the mere notion of such a casualty never occurring to any one.

I suppose there is no place in the world where that peculiar species, the “garrison hack,” so flourishes. In Dublin the officer is looked on much as the peer is by the London tradesman ; he is admired, worshipped, followed ; he is the only partner worth having, the only admirer, the only husband. It was truly astonishing to see a whole family—father, mother, and daughter—all in eager chase of some small boy, who had little more than his pay, simply because “he was in th’ army” ; and still more surprising what a number of marriages, some really advantageous, were

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brought off. But these little, trained "hacks," what creatures they were: unscrupulous, giggling ever, passing from hand to hand and from regiment to regiment, so that their name and reputation extended to far-off towns. They had nicknames and pet names — "Jack" this and "Poll" that. They would sit out in gardens, and on the top of the stairs, in greenhouses, on the roof if they could, anywhere, and were only too happy and proud "to be caught." There were tribes of these fluttering insects. I used to watch them entering the ball-room, an enormous, rather greasy-lipped mother at their head, her charges following. They were instantly surrounded by a cloud of hungry "subs," and in another moment, for time was not to be lost, the small hard-worked creatures were flying round the room. The "hack" generally did not rise much higher than the Foot Regiment. The real triumph lay with the more orderly and decorous girl, who was seen reposing gracefully in the arms

Recollections of Dublin Castle of a gold-laced, richly embroidered hussar or dragoon.

As the English women were always loudly inveighing against the “Irish dirt and general sluttishness,” it may be conceived they were not very popular tenants of lodgings or houses. Here may be an unsuspected cause of the native dislike and even hatred of the Saxon, who, in presence of any subject or provincial, cannot put restraint on his or her tongue. The very English groom or footman takes the same airs. I once heard a general haranguing a Guards regiment in the barrack square, telling them that they were not to blame as to some scuffles which they had had with what he called “a low Dublin mob.” In some cases that I have known these ladies were actually lodged in barracks—those dreadful old-time barracks, the Royal, Island Bridge, or the strangely named “Beggars’ Bush.” These places, in spite of costly repairs and reforms, have ever been hot-beds of fevers and other epidemics. Ladies of better condition had

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to take lodgings or houses “on the Canal” or “The Circular road,” where they went through much discomfort, owing to the indifferent service of their Irish attendants and landladies.

At one time some good marriages had “come off” during the season. There had been visits of young men—from England—who had gone home and reported these “braw landin’s,” as John Brown had it. Next season there arrived unexpectedly some old candidate-matrons, with “marriageable daughters,” who took houses for the season, and began their campaign. One was a lady of title, but still she did not do much. The comic part of the business was the fury of the local matrons. No words could express their indignation at this “poaching” on their preserves. “I’m sure,” said they indignantly, “it’s hard enough to get off our daughters, with all the competition there is : but to have Englishwomen coming over to interfere with our market—” But they were

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no match for the intruders. An intrepid mother belonging to one of the older families, with a rosebud of a daughter, surveyed the ground warily, and speedily captured a well-to-do peer. But you should have heard the Dublin matrons on this final outrage. The Dublin girls are like the American girls—their charms are irresistible when at the full, but they do not last. That delightful *naïveté* and (apparent) simplicity which captivates the stranger, becomes lost with years. Your flame of a dozen years ago is changed—to your astonishment—into a stout creature, whose *naïveté* is positively disagreeable. I know I shall be considered a traitorous Irishman when I lay it down that no Irish girl ought ever to marry an Englishman. The two races cannot blend—there is a perpetual jar between the precise habits of the one and the happy-go-lucky or “shure it 'ill do” ways of the other. Once a hard-working professional man of my acquaintance indulged his favourite son, of whom he had great

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hopes, with “a holiday in Ireland.” After a six weeks’ absence I met him and noted a peculiarly foolish look and giggling tones in his voice. He then told me that he met a “delightful attorney” at Cork with a “lovely” daughter, and that, in short, he was to be married. I saw the father later—there was no giggling there. It was indeed a disastrous business. A year or so later I met the happy pair and was presented in due form. But the “lovely” daughter was a common creature, with a snappish manner, always eager to prove that she was not inferior to the English “any day” and could “hold her own.” In such ill-sorted *ménages* we may be sure the lady is constantly being told, “Oh, this is some of your *Paddy* ways!” or, with a sneering laugh, “How thoroughly *Irish* you are!”

There were amusing tales told by the officers of their country partners. One buxom young “thing” kept repeating during the waltz, “Ah, don’t, captain ; I tell ye, don’t ! *Ye’re holdin’ me too toight.*” The

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captain, a grave, literal man, could only say, “So sorry, I’m sure. I never intended, etc.” Presently it came again : “Ah, captain, do *not*; ye’re holdin’ me *too toight altogether*.” On this the matter-of-fact partner withdrew, but offered to introduce his friend as more satisfactory. But presently he also was found to be “holdin’ me *too toight*.” The sprightly country misses were ever giggling, or thrown into convulsions by the sayings of their military partners, themselves astonished at the effect of their own wit. The vocabulary of one of these maidens was limited to “Soch Fon!” repeated over and over again.

In the dearth of military, the country young ladies would often supplement their admirers by the officers of the Royal Irish Constabulary. These young fellows wore a smart green uniform, and comported themselves much as their brethren of the army did. They were, strictly speaking, policemen, but the fair “made believe” in this matter. This highly trained body of *gendarmerie*,

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for such they are, is well known and esteemed all over the kingdom, and Charles Dickens in the course of his travels through the country was loud in his praise and admiration of their civility and efficiency.

À propos of Boz, when he and his retinue were at the Dublin station of the Great Northern Railway, the station-master, a very rough customer, insisted that the apparatus of his show—the violet screen, battens, &c.—should be paid for as heavy luggage. It was a graceful compliment, paid him invariably on all the English lines, that no charge whatever should be made. This was represented, but the station-master declared that was nothing to him. “Who was Mr. Dickens that he shouldn’t pay like every body else?” Ungracious acts like these have done serious injury to the reputation of the country; no doubt the fellow thought he was exhibiting his “patriotism.”

Once one of Boz’s merry men in *Household Words*—Walter Thornbury by

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name—found his way to Dublin, and wrote a highly comic description of all its humours, oddities, and absurdities, heightened, of course, to make an effect. It was astonishing the fury this aroused in the local press; article after article appeared “branding” him traitor in the most vehement language. But Dickens was the person for whom they “went,” and not his “wretched scribe.” Was this the man into whose pockets the Dublin public had poured their thousands?

At one time there came over a couple of young men, on pleasure bent, who arrived with the purpose of making themselves at home and enjoying everything. They brought some letters of introduction. Their names were D—— and M——, the first being the brother of a great artist. D—— had a marked gift for society. It was not too much to say that he got to know anybody that he desired to know. High position seemed to make it all the easier. In a short

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time they were both established as fashionable men, and knew everybody. Now, D—— was but an average pattern of man enough—he was not particularly gifted, or well read, or a talker. As far as I could make out his secret, he had the knack of being able to say what was most agreeable to his listeners. His success went on without interruption. Ordinary persons asked him because he knew great people, and could talk familiarly about them before the guests. He had a fashion of confidentially whispering in the ears of high-born dames. His intimacy with Lord P—— got him the directorship of the Irish Picture Gallery, which for many years he managed with great success. It also obliged him—a thing he liked much—to make innumerable trips to London “on business,” that is, to purchase desirable pictures at Christie’s and other places, while he took care everywhere to flourish himself and his general exertions, so as to make a stir and a noise.

D—— became quite a *persona grata* at the

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court ; knew everybody ; dined with everybody. Had I been an ardent society man, I must have envied his extraordinary manner of winning his way. And yet it must be said there was no abasement or flattery—he maintained an independent tone and manner. And so it went on. Not long before his death I was hardly surprised to hear of his walking with divers royal personages at Homburg on the most easy terms. He was not much of an artist in practice, but he made his gifts go as far as they could be made to go. As a judge of paintings, however, he was really excellent.

As illustrating this Terpsichorean enthusiasm of Dublin, I recall a night at the Exhibition Palace, where we had been dancing till one o'clock, when a spirited, fairy-like young creature from the cold north, the Hon. Miss S—, who was on a visit to her aunt, brought us all off to a little supper at her house, which we enjoyed for an hour or more : when the whole party, refreshed and

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invigorated, returned to the ball-room, where we continued our mad rounds till five o'clock in the morning. *O le beau temps passé ! O jeunesse ! O beauté ! neiges d'automne, où sont-elles ?* (Dumas, ahem !)

Once there was a military ball at the old town of Drogheda. We thought it nothing to go down—a journey of between thirty and forty miles—dance all the night, and come up by the early morning train. I remember we had a full train, every one, as the guard said, “dressed to the ninety-nines.” It was at this or at some other performance that the musicians forgot to bring their music ; at all events, I remember distinctly some outsider was impounded to play the bass. He learnt a couple of notes, which he used impartially and alternately the whole night. What did it matter ? No one cared. What, by the way, has gone with that queer dance, *La Tempête*—“Tom Pate” it was called—which at one time was all the rage, and whose movements I have quite forgotten ?

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In these days of the fifties the rale ould Irish gentleman flourished as much as ever, with his old, wild ways. A governess of our family went in the same capacity to the house of a countrygentleman to takechargeofhisdaughter. He was a quiet, gentlemanly man, and treated the lady with the most grave and decorous attention. But there were riotous times. She told a strange story of a sort of orgy at the place. A largish party of men came over from the races, twenty miles away, to dine, at about nine o'clock. They "kept it up" well. The governess went to bed, but was suddenly awakened in the small hours and in the broad daylight, about four o'clock, by a general uproar. She saw the whole party of guests running about in front of the house *in their shirts!* They were darting in and out among the trees, performing the wildest antics, all dead or mad drunk, jumping, "lepping," and tumbling into the ditches. At last the horses were called for and the dogs and the horns, and away the mad crew went, like

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Herne the Hunter, flying all round the park. The horns were winding. There was one G——, apparently a discreet personage, but he was found too drunk to mount, so he was tumbled back into bed. Every now and again the governess would hear the horns winding out in different directions, as the mad ride went on. Now, this G——, waking from his drunken slumbers, gave himself a rousing shake, and, hearing the cheerful sounds, jumped up. He was seen rushing madly out of the little summer-house, into which they had thrust him, in his shirt, joining in full chase across the country. It was now the early dawn, and the peasants were hurrying off to milk the cows, and all the wild men were pursuing them. Then came into view some of the riders who now had on dressing-gowns. A rough business altogether !

I was told by the late Earl of Lytton a story of S——r F——d, an Irishman who at one time was a good deal before the public. He was believed to be “hard

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up," and Mr. Disraeli, wishing to help him, wrote to offer him one of the great Indian Governorships. The other affectedly wrote back, "that he must take time to consider it." As "Dizzy" said indignantly to Lord Lytton, "Here is a man walking about London, his pockets stuffed with his unpaid washerwoman's bills—I offer him a Governorship worthy of a Roman pro-Consul, and he writes me back that he will consider it!"

There was, about the fifties, a regular riot at the United Service Club, in St. Stephen's Green; the officers of the 16th Lancers throwing bread and potatoes about, smashing windows, &c. Nine were expelled the club. A certain wild lord escaped, though it is said he was at the bottom of the "row." Indeed, the officers at this time took strange licence and did very doubtful things. I was one night going away from a ball with a young dragoon, when he wanted a cigar. "Oh, we always try the coats," he said, and proceeded

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to feel all the pockets. The servants, however, grew suspicious and interfered.

I suppose in no society could be found such a collection of lively and truly humorous spirits as were rife about the time of the sixties. The fun and joviality of these pleasant souls was truly enjoyable. There was at one time Corry Connellan, whose jests are still retailed—but rather artificial things, and “made at leisure.” Such was his gibe at a certain physician, who had taken an ex-convict as his man-servant—to show his confidence—that “he would presently be the only spoon left in his house.” How superior, for instance, was the remark of some one when they were discussing what sort of inscription should be placed on the tomb of an eminent physician, Sir Henry Marsh, at Mount Jerome. “Put over him Sir Christopher Wren’s,” said this person. “*Si monumentum requiris, circumspice.*” This, I know, was repeated to Dickens, who could not say enough of its wit.

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Some years ago there was published a delightful collection of stories, collected by a most pleasant being, all of which stories I knew well, for he had been in the habit of telling them with infinite fun and rollickingness. They produced a great impression. This was William Le Fanu, a high Government official and general diner-out. Needless to say, he used to keep the tables in a roar. His genial expressive Irish was part of the dramatic effect. And yet he was of French Huguenot descent, like so many of the Dublin folk who have French names and others. Yet I have often noticed that, with all their strong Protestant feelings and antipathies, the Protestant gentry are often far more truly Irish, more sympathetic with the natives, understand their ways better, and regard them with more interest and affection, than do the Catholics. I am speaking, however, of those old days. William Le Fanu was heart and soul with the people, and could talk with them in their own way.

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But in Ireland surprises meet us at every turn. Often the most Irish of Irishmen, the most racy of the soil, turn out to be Englishmen ! I never was so astonished to find that two of my countrymen, in whom I had a sort of pride and faith, were regular Englishmen. Such were Charles Lever, whose father and mother were English born and bred, though he himself chanced to have been born in Ireland ; and Sir John Stevenson, Moore's colleague in the *Melodies*, who was a Scot. Power, the best of stage Irishmen, was from Wales. I have known two sons of an English family settled in the country, one of whom remained English in heart, manner, and accent all his life, while the other was wholly transformed into a rough native Irishman and spoke with a brogue.

I remember coming up with this William Le Fanu from the north, a journey of four hours or so. There was a friend or two of his own with him and a couple of rather stiff English officers. He began with some droll

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remarks and comments ; then followed stories one after the other, convulsing everybody, the officers particularly. One story was "better than the other." The hours flew ; one of the officers said to me, as we parted, "Who is that wonderful man ? I really never met his like."

His brother "Joe" Le Fanu, the well-known novelist, was, in his way, a humorist too. A sort of Orangeman, owner of a very strongly Protestant paper and vehement in his attacks, he illustrated the curious truth which I mentioned before, of this strange interest and sympathy in the people. From his Huguenot extraction he detested the Roman Catholic "errors," yet no one had such an appreciation, or tender regard, for the peasantry and their ways and habits. He even wrote a rather rebellious story ; while some of his ballads, inflammatory enough, are well known and admired through all English-speaking countries. Most people know *Shamus O'Brien*, that powerful lyric, describ-

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ing the hanging of a patriot, with an exciting rescue. His brother knew these things by heart, and was sometimes prevailed on to recite them, which he did with singular dramatic power and effect. Gradually the news of this performance spread. After dinner at a party the visitors would beg him to deliver his ballad, and, with a great deal of simplicity, he would seat himself on a chair in the middle of the room and begin. It was a rare treat. There was, as Mr. Crummles says, "cheers, tears, and laughter." Gradually it became a regular institution. He could not dine anywhere without its being called for. At the Castle it was of course demanded.

And what shall I say of that son of Momus, Nedley, doctor to the police force, the gayest, most mercurial, and readiest of humorists ! He never for an instant failed with a retort, which was indisputable, and, on the instant, carried the other off his legs. He delighted in encountering *literal* people. As when he said to the wife of a famous singer, "Why

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don't you call *me* in? I hear you have got some local murderer to attend your servant."

"Murderer, Dr. Nedley? That is very uncalled for. I don't understand you; Dr. —— is no murderer."

He then proceeded to play on this topic to the delight of her husband.

Dr. Nedley could not play well unless he had his favourite partner, just as Dan Leno has his Herbert Campbell. This brings us to one who has become more known and celebrated after his death than he was in his lifetime, viz., Father Healey, parish priest of Little Bray. Few wits have made such a reputation, or have been so relished by audiences of all kinds; few have so increased "the gaiety of nations" or of his own nation. His jests were being constantly repeated, passing from mouth to mouth, with a fresh chuckle every time. In appearance he was like one of Lever's jovial priests, with a round, jocund, amazingly cheerful face, which brought good humour with it everywhere. What twinkling eyes

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and what a roguish smile ! His wit was certainly lively ; it was always practical, and dealt with the situation—not a mere playing with words. Take, for instance, his pleasant saying when he returned from travelling in the East, with a friend, who had paid all expenses. They were entering a tramcar to go to Dublin—their last journey—when Father Healey peremptorily restrained his friend from paying his fare : “No, no, it’s my turn now !”

A good specimen of his “readiness,” one which he related to me himself, was his *riposte* to a great man, Mr. Gladstone, who had asked him to one of his breakfasts. It was a rich treat to hear him racyly touch off, with his usual ingenuity, the host who had gathered an odd menagerie of free-thinkers and others, thinking, perhaps, there was a certain piquancy in the contrast of elements. In the course of the meal the great man said, his brow contracted with a portentous gravity, “What would you say to

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this, Father Healey? On the door of a church in Rome I saw with my own eyes an inscription that an indulgence of thousands of years was to be had—all for the sum of one franc ! What do you say to *that*, Father Healey—one franc ? ” Every one was listening. “ Well, and what more would you want for the money ? Isn’t it dirt cheap ? ” This was greeted with an approving roar of laughter ; but even more amusing was the still portentous brow of W. E. G., who seemed to think the point had been merely turned, and not fairly met.

When he and his friend Nedley were at the same table, then the fun became fast and furious. The two engaged in wit contests ; gibes, personalities of the most excruciating kind were interchanged, neither was for a moment at a loss for a retort. As Dr. Johnson would say, they “ downed ” each other in the most amusing fashion. The servants standing by, listening open-mouthed, joined in the hilarity and general roar.

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With this attraction, it may be conceived, Father Healey was in perpetual demand. As he told me himself, from year's end to year's end he need not have dined a single day at home. He was *persona grata* at the Viceroy's. But when he came to London it was very extraordinary how much he was *répandu*. I have met him in Piccadilly, when he would tell me that he had just been with some royal personage—dukes, earls were but common acquaintances. One day, on asking him where he was coming from, he said casually, “Just been lunching *with the Salisburys*.” Personally, I confess I wish there had been less of this Momus element in him, for it is scarcely compatible with a strict round of clerical life; but we must have indulgence for the nature of the man, which, like Foote's, was quite “incompressible”: and also on account of the immense influences exercised upon him and the temptations held out.

There was yet another ecclesiastical wit,

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also a great pulpit orator, Father Burke of the Dominicans, of a fine presence, and a face like that of Sterne's monk, that was "mild, pale, and penetrating." He had the true fire and burning words. It was certainly a rare treat to hear him, but I never could concede his claims to be a wit or humorist. He was a mere joker and doer of practical jokes.

The late W. J. or Dr. FitzPatrick, "the modern Suetonius," collected all these efforts, and formed them into what was called "A Life," in which he unconsciously produced an effect the very opposite of what he intended; and as a result the poor monk is portrayed as a rather unclerical, highly grotesque being. He worked also in the same spirit on Father Healey, Archbishop Whately, Lady Morgan, O'Connell, and others, adding certainly a new terror to death. And he was also a source of some alarm to the living. He was perpetually groping among old papers, letters, and the

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like, and discovering awkward secrets. He would tell you in a cosy way, and in his high treble : "I have just purchased a number of curious documents, in one of which there is a curious transaction relating to your grandfather. Did you ever know that he had a salary from the Government to act as spy, &c.? I have all the documents."

There comes before me now that eccentric being—antiquarian, writer, novelist—W. R. Wilde, afterwards Sir William, father of that luckless pair, Oscar and William. He cultivated an abrupt Abernethy style to his patients. He was certainly very clever, and was the husband of the fair poetess *Sperranza*, as she signed herself, a rather languishing heroine. Wilde had a wit of his own, as when he addressed a certain Miss Mary Travers, who later on brought an action against him, as "*Ernest Moll Travers*." His travels are interesting, as is his monograph on Dean Swift's madness. The dean's skull was dug up and handed round at a

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scientific meeting, at which one of the neck bones disappeared ! The fate of his two sons was disastrous, and a warning to the young Irish adventurer who thinks he can bite the pitiless granite of London. William Wilde was the typical Bohemian, the Irish strain superimposed. He passed through all manner of shifts and adventures, and “fell on his feet” once at least, having married a rich American, who tranquilly discarded him, owing to his own fault and folly. His brother’s pieces are being played at this moment : his affectations, ridiculed in *Patience*, were for a time an enjoyment. I always delighted in that speech of his when he went to America, which was telegraphed over to Europe, “that he was much disappointed in the Atlantic Ocean.”

There was indeed an extraordinary group of Irishmen who all about the same time set off to seek their fortune in London. These were the two Wildes, the two Moores—George and Augustus—and G. Bernard Shaw, son of

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a Fellow of Trinity. Some of them were brilliant, others clever, and all had a certain "go" and originality and a dash of Bohemianism. Their adventures must have been exciting, and they certainly have succeeded in exciting public attention.

There was a worthy, much respected priest attached to Westland Row Chapel, a place about the size of a small cathedral, yet oddly styled a chapel. This was Canon Pope, and a curious personage he was. He was affected by an extravagant and exuberant loyalty to her late Majesty and the Royal Family at any crisis, such as an escape from an assassin. At the mere rumour of her coming over to visit the country the canon's emotions were stirred, and he would address the august lady a letter couched in terms of almost hysterical affection and admiration. Her Majesty used to acknowledge these addresses in kindly terms. All his sermons were in the same rapturous and exaggerated style. I once heard him say, and I give

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it “textually,” as the French have it—“Some men will sell their souls for titles and wealth ; some for *an emolumental situation* ; and some,” here he paused to make it more impressive, “for *nothing at all!*” I heard that, I know not how many years ago, but I have never forgotten the delicious unctuousness of that “em-olu-ment-ary situation ;” he lingered over the syllables softly, as though he himself would not have been disinclined to some such situation. It was the same on any public crisis—a burning down, a murder, when the Canon’s feeling broke forth in a sort of flowery and, I must say, meaningless “lingo” that was all his own. The occasion, however, on which he excelled himself was on the return of the Irish brigade from the war. They had volunteered to assist his Holiness, and “Major O'Reilly of Knockabbey Castle” commanded. The party was besieged in Spoleto, and after a brief period duly surrendered as prisoners of war. After a time they were released and sent home.

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The populace swarmed to the terminus to greet their heroes, among the rest our Canon, who was to make his grandest, most florid speech of welcome on the occasion. He was quite carried away ; he saw the battle-fields, the desperate struggle, and finally broke out : “ Ah, my friends, the Irish Guards know well how to die, *but to surrender—never!*” A long shout greeted this astonishing declaration, made in the most perfect belief and good faith, but exquisitely comic, when we think that it was addressed to, and cheered by, men who actually had *not* died, and were actually where they were because they *had* surrendered ! It never occurred to any one that the Canon’s oration was not all gospel truth. It was duly printed in the papers, and much admired.

I bethink me here of another cheerful divine, still happily flourishing, who once contributed much to the gaiety of the city— Chancellor Tisdall, Chancellor of St. Doulagh. He was ever a jocund being, tall and portly, full of good stories, with a *penchant* for actors,

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of whom he had known many great ones of the old school. We are not strait-laced in Dublin, and there is held to be no incongruity in these things. Our chancellor had a rich tenor voice, and sang old ballads with infinite taste. How would he give "Come into the Garden" or "My Pretty Jane," to the enrapturing of the well-filled diners out! Once at one of these banquets there was deep disappointment when it was found there was no pianist to accompany the chancellor, who thereupon appealed to me to help him. Nothing loth, I sat down, extemporised some chords, and we got through admirably.

À propos, when a well-known publisher came to Dublin, some client entertained him—and myself—at dinner; the subject of music was started, and our publisher volunteered a song, which was an old and old-fashioned friend—"Sally in our Alley." Our host lamented that there was no one present who knew the art of accompaniment, so we must be deprived of the pleasure, &c. "Dear me, not at all,"

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said the guest, who was rather antediluvian both in manner and garb ; “the fact is, I never *do* sing it with an accompaniment ; it spoils the tune.” And without more ado, and pushing his chair a little forward out of the circle, he struck up “ Of all the girls,” &c. He went through it with all the old flourishings and eye-upturnings, doing, in fact, what the street ballad-singer told her offspring to do : “Curl it—curl it, ye little beggar.” There were a number of young girls and irreverent youths present, whose suppressed laughter it was painful to witness. All, indeed, were struggling with the same emotion, but when the regular shake came at the close there was very near by a general explosion.

Who will forget the roistering Lord C——, of the rubicund face and convivial habits, who was always pervading Dublin, and concerning whom there was always some strange tale circulating ! He was a survival of the old Irish pattern, fond of his glass, and not having the Baron of Bradwardine’s

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method of carrying his liquor discreetly. It was said he would "drop in" at any officers' mess whenever it suited him, and without invitation—an unceremonious practice that was not relished.

Some of us will no doubt be able to recall that odd wild being "Tom Connolly," one of the last survivors of the "rale ould Irish gintleman," who did all sorts of strange reckless things, which yet astonished nobody, because done by "Tom Connolly." He was a thoughtless, joyous, good-humoured fellow, and a good-natured one too. He was spoken of as "Tom Connolly of Castletown," his place in the country, a good many miles from Dublin. Castletown we always supposed to be something magnificent—after the Chatsworth pattern—too grand altogether for a private gentleman. Here he once gave a sort of grotesque entertainment, half "afternoon," half ball, which began at about four o'clock, and lasted till one or two in the morning. A vast number of people drove down to the jovial

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scene. I was much astonished to see this vast and stately mansion, a huge central palace with spreading wings, and vast and palatial chambers within ; but all in a dreadful state of dilapidation and neglect. Tom was everywhere, in a bright blue tail-coat and gilt buttons, dancing with every one, in an old-fashioned style, and keeping the fun going. What a revel it was ! The hours did not pass too slowly. Towards midnight I went out to try and find our vehicle, if I could by some happy chance ; for all were herded together in a confused mass on the lawn and in the road, or everywhere. Seeking in vain in the front, I thought I would pass round through to the back, and the next instant found myself precipitated down a deep sunk fence, at the bottom of which I lay with my face turned to the stars. I was only a little stunned, but found great difficulty in rescuing myself from the abyss. It was a narrow escape indeed, as it was all lined with stones at the bottom. I could not but think of the grim story that might have

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found its way into the papers : the family vainly waiting and searching, and then at last the suggestion : "Oh, of course he went back to town," where equally of course he would not be found. This "mysterious disappearance of a gentleman" would have been a two-days wonder or talk.

This entertainment suggests another of a rather singular kind, given by an American lady, no other than the mother of the patriot, Charles Stewart Parnell, who must then have been in his frocks. It was a sort of "go as you please" show. There was to be a late lunch, then a tea, and then a sort of dinner, to be followed by a dance. The idea was that the guest was to take up his residence in the house for this protracted period ! I recall meeting there the pleasant Dion Boucicault, then bringing out his *Arrah na Pogue* for the first time. When I congratulated him on his success he said coolly : "No success at all, my boy ; won't do, and must be done over again." And so it was. The skilful, well-

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trained dramatist cut away a vast portion and re-wrote the rest. Mrs. Parnell had a bevy of pretty daughters who did their best to stimulate the proceedings, but the fact was, no one knew why on earth he was there, or what was to be done next, so the thing gradually languished out, and, quietly folding our tents, we stole away very early. Who could have dreamed, looking that night on the interesting family, what a strange chapter was to follow?

We had a humorist who had an amazing flow of what might be called simulated oratory. Often after supper he would stand up and make amazing speeches of the most diverting kind. If there were a guest present, he would set off with an imaginative biography of the visitor, done minutely and with an extraordinary air of veracity. Thus : "At this period of his life, our hero, gentlemen, became involved in a very awkward affair, which, as he is present, I should like to pass by ; only I am bound to say, as I find that he did not acquit himself with all the credit we

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might have expected, &c." Then would follow some odd, grotesque history, told as in a newspaper case, with name and dates, to the great embarrassment of the victim. Once a dull man gave a song, "I'm afloat," but in quite a faint, squeaky voice which he called a tenor. When he had concluded, our orator leaped to his feet to propose the singer's health in almost passionate terms of admiration. "Never," he said, "was such floods of sound, nay, he would say such *cataracts* of sound, poured out on mortal ears since the days of Orpheus. The delight, the rapturous enjoyment their friend had furnished would never, &c." Another innocent stranger would be gravely remonstrated with, "I see, sir, in your face 'amorous propensities'—his one failing, gentlemen—which have already led him into such embarrassment, and which may eventually wreck an otherwise blameless life." These fooleries were entertaining enough.

I never forgot a strange clergyman of my

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acquaintance whom I met in a bookseller's shop. "Look at this," he said, showing me a book, "The Glories of Women"—"a noble work. I got it over without a moment's delay. It is enough to make one marry at once. You see," he said, gravely, "the superiority of women over men is as a circle is to a right line. Now, women are all circles ; not so men." He left me with this cryptic utterance. The incident has always puzzled me, though it is forty years since. Another divine, who was preaching on riches, suddenly turned to the stalls, as it were, and broke out, "And you rich, what are ye? Nothing but dirt, scum, filth, maggots, that's what ye all are." The persons so addressed grew quite uncomfortable. Another, who was much interrupted by coughs, suddenly stopped, and then said simply, "Coughin' must cease," as though it were sufficient to give his order. At another church the custom was to ring a bell, after twenty minutes or so, when the preacher had to stop—even in the

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middle of a sentence—and descend. One of our family was present when the clergyman said he would deal first with the objections made to the existence of a Supreme Being—which he put very forcibly. Just as he was about to begin to demolish these heresies the bell rang and he had to come down, leaving behind him the bane without the antidote.

The pleasant fellows about were always ready enough with their quips. As, when it was debated what name should be taken by an amateur dramatic club, Sir J—— C—— suggested “The Gnostics,” *i.e.*, “the No-Sticks.” Good too was the suggested text for a sermon at the opening of the restored St. Patrick’s—“Who shall be for us if God be *agin’ us*”—(a Guinness)—a text, it was added, to be found in “He-brews.” A fellow in court, pressed about some meeting, said, “My lord, I heard them making a randy voo.”

There was a good story told of Lord Naas, later better known as Lord Mayo, the ill-

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fated Governor of India. He was much interested in fowl-breeding. One morning, before a number of guests, he read out a letter from his breeder about a particular hen of whom he had great hopes—"She has laid an egg, but will not hatch; so, your lordship being absent in Dublin, I put it under the goose." The reader was so interested in the information that he did not perceive the equivoque until the wily Corry Connellan, court jester at the time, gravely asked him to read the passage again, and to read it slowly.

Nothing is more curious in Dublin than the airy, general, easy fashions of despatching business which suggest Leigh Hunt—or Skimpole. I knew a friend of mine who was about to be married—a rather important alliance—and it had come to the wedding-day—to about noon. The ceremony was for two o'clock. "Jove!" said the bridegroom, "and there's the settlements not signed yet!" We hurried to the solicitor's office. Solicitor not "in," but would be "by-and-by." After

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waiting some time—"Oh, he's sure to turn up," said my friend—our solicitor came lounging in, and in a leisurely way the thing was done. My friend—a light-hearted fellow—actually forgot to take his tickets at Kingstown, and, rushing ashore, had a narrow escape of being left behind. His friends diverted themselves picturing the situation of the bride carried off, making the journey without her mate and so on.

Chief Justice Doherty, whom O'Connell nicknamed "Dirty Doherty," gave Mr. Le Fanu a pleasant account of a dinner given in St. Stephen's Green to do honour to the son of Sir Walter Scott, then quartered in Dublin. He was a "heavy dragoon," and as it proved, in more senses than the technical one. Great attention was paid to him; and Doherty, Bushe, and others tried hard to "bring him out," but nothing could be extracted. He continued eating his dinner and wiping his moustache. At last, towards the end, as though feeling he was expected to do something for the credit

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of the honoured name he bore, he abruptly broke out—*à propos* of nothing—“ Ma twa aunts had a pairott—ané day, o’ a sudden, the pairott flapped its wings and ca’d oot ‘ Laird a maircy ! ’ and then the pairott just dropped down dead ! ” He then stopped abruptly and went on eating. Doherty and the others could only say “ most curious ! ”—“ highly interesting ”—and there was general amusement. But the young man said no more.

Walking with a pleasant doctor, we passed his house. “ I must go in for one moment,” he said. “ Old —— used to say, never pass your house, for you never know but that *there may be a rat in the trap.* ” When he came out he said, “ Oh, there was nothing but one of the God-reward-you sort.” Old Bushe sent down to his doctor—“ Tell him I’m too ill to see him to-day.” An attorney once said to me, “ Now, of all places in the kingdom I give my *vaito* for Scotland.”

I was told of an Irish valet whom a newly

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married pair had taken with them on their travels. On arriving at their first hotel the husband, who was somewhat shy, cautioned his servant not to say anything about the marriage, so that they should pass as ordinary folk and not be remarked. "Oh, depind on me ; I'll not let on, sir," said Pat. During the next day he noticed that they were much stared at, and that the guests kept carefully away. "Now, you rascal," said the master, "I see that you have been blabbing what I told you to keep secret." "As I live, sir, not a word ! Didn't I tell every wan of them that ye's *wasn't married*, as ye's told me to say." This may have been one of Father Healey's stories. Pat's way of not "letting on" was original.

A rather simple lady of our acquaintance once wrote to us : "Could you give me an invitation for the enclosed gentleman ?" I heard one of the judges, who had a forcible diction of his own, say : "Now, Mr. ——, what's the use of your goin' on with this ? You

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haven't the shadow of a shade of a stick of a leg to stand on!"

There were aggressive divines who thundered and assailed each other, such as the Rev. Tresham Gregg, nicknamed "Thrashem" Gregg, and another Gregg, later a bishop, who had a church of his own, always spoken of by the car-drivers as "Gregg's Church."

I came to know Anthony Trollope very well, and liked him much. I once met him in London at a dinner-party—we were next each other—when he began to talk with much enjoyment of the happy time in Dublin when he was in the Post Office. His mother's influence procured him this situation. Poor "Mother Trollope" is now forgotten, yet she furnished great amusement with her "Widow Barnaby" and other stories which were looked for and expected, and came out regularly. Mrs. Gore was another of the permanent purveyors of fiction. But to return to Anthony. He was devoted to hunting, yet how was a poor low-salaried

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clerk to enjoy such a luxury ? His way was to pick up some useful animal for £20 or so, and he managed to get a couple of days in the week with the Ward Union. He never enjoyed life so much, he said. Poor Anthony ! He proposed me for the Garrick Club, and did me other services.

It was astonishing how many Englishmen came to live in Ireland to enjoy the hunting, which was really excellent. Excellent Irishmen they became, and I noticed were always kind and sympathetic to the natives, whom they understood and liked, and who liked them. There was one, however—a sort of Cockney—whose perpetually dropping “ h’s ” caused constant amusement. A favourite formula of his was : “ I bought an ’ack, but he turned out an ’unter. What ’urts hall the ’orses ’ere is the ’ammering them along the ’ard ’igh roads.” This speech was partly manufactured for him, but he was often led to repeat it.

The extra-refined style of pronouncing

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English affected by certain genteel folk was well illustrated by a superfine lady of our acquaintance, who announced to us one day that she had “just bought *a broacket for her cloak.*” This was thought to be some sort of rich trimming, but what was meant was that she had purchased “a bracket for her clock.” Better still was the speech of a hospitable nobleman pressing a guest to eat : “Lane on it, my boy, lane on it.”

It had an odd effect to hear a witness in court say impressively that “if he were to do such a thing, he hoped it would be the last day of his life.” More grotesque was the solemn declaration of an honest peasant : “*May I never sin again*, sir, if I’m not telling you the truth.”

There was a clever but somewhat eccentric Professor and Fellow of Trinity College—the Rev. Samuel Haughton—who was noted for his various hobbies and discussions. He spent much of his time in the Zoological Gardens among the animals, upon whom he

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sometimes performed curious operations ; for he was a surgeon as well as a cleric. His quaintest fancy was his taking up the subject of execution by hanging. He made profound scientific investigations into what should be the proper fall or “drop” to ensure death, and arrived at a formula by which the length of the rope was worked out mathematically. He was in communication with Calcraft, Marwood, and other Professors, one of whom he at last prevailed on to submit his theory to actual practice. On the first experiment, to the general horror, the Professor’s “drop” was so efficacious that the unfortunate criminal’s head was actually twisted off!

There was a report current in the city that a well-known personage was dead, and for a few days it was accepted ; but presently it was announced that the personage was alive and well. The news gave general satisfaction—save to one, who appeared discontented. “Oh, it’s *most* annoying,” he said to a friend, “and *most* awkward too, for me.

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The fact is, I have been telling all sorts of things about him on the assumption that he was dead." "But if they were true?" said the friend. "Oh, I don't know about that," said the other, pettishly; "that's not the point. It's really most awkward for me."

Once there came to Kingstown, in a small war steamer, Prince Napoleon, the son of Jerome and the nephew of the Great One. It was curious what an excitement this caused among the populace, who followed him and his officers about the streets, to his visible annoyance. I have also seen in court Madame Bonaparte Wyse—an absurd frantic woman—niece of the great Napoleon. They received many invitations to parties where the hostesses' French must have amused the officers. Thus I often heard "*Purmetty-moi de vous antrodweere*"—and you heard on all sides the refusal "*No mercy.*" The officers would bow gravely. I remember seeing his father in Paris, and it was a curious thing to

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look on the yellow Italian features with the “nutcracker” nose and chin. There was another nephew—Prince Lucien—some years ago going about London, whose features offered the same striking likeness. His burial was an extraordinary one, and an account of it was given to me by one who attended it. He was first shown lying in state on his bed arrayed in full evening dress—white tie—and the broad riband of the Legion across his breast. He was then put into a shell, “all accoutred as he was,” and transported to Kensal Green to an open grave, into which he was let down—in his evening dress and coffinless! This was told me by Charles Kent, a well-known person, and I took it down in writing the same day.

What extraordinary, reckless experiments were made in the appointments of Irish Secretaries! What could be more rash and wanton than sending the son of the great Sir Robert Peel? He already had had “a record” of intemperate violence in Switzerland and

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other places. It was notorious that he could not carry his liquor discreetly—like Scott's Baron ; he was constantly in riots and scuffles. And this was the man that a sagacious government—old Pam's—named to a very critical post ! What might be expected followed. There were constant adventures, disappearances—strange tales hushed up, and the like. It must be said that he was popular with the people, who treated his escapades indulgently. The curious element was that the cold and classical Lady Emily Peel, the refined, high-born dame, who looked on, disdaining to notice, finding it useless to check these excesses, went her road, and left him to his own devices.

When Chichester Fortescue, who later became Lord Carlingford, was Chief Secretary, he brought with him his wife, the much-married Countess of Waldegrave. This high dame kept “things humming,” as it is termed, and there was nothing but dinners and balls, and concerts and plays, with relays

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of great folks on visits. Mr. Fortescue, a correct, exceedingly gentlemanly “pusson,” was completely put in the shadow by the lime-light in which his energetic partner moved about the stage. As all knew, he was her *fourth* husband; the first being Mr. Waldegrave, her second the Earl his brother, the third Mr. Harcourt, and finally Mr. Fortescue. In spite of these mutations, she was really well preserved—“got up” in the most juvenile fashion—and passed for a middle-aged lady. This idea was strengthened by her animation and activity. There were stories of the long hours spent in the morning, preparing that wonderful face for the day.

I heard from a contemporary of hers that, when the eccentric Lady Caroline Lamb, his wife, found that her husband was going to Ireland as Secretary, she was most eager to go with him, saying to Lady Morgan: “Oh, it would be so nice to get a lodging in Hoey’s Court!” Hoey’s Court was a mere slum

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close to the Liberties, and in one of the tottering shanties Swift had been born.

There used to be a strange, afflicted figure seen about, at the clubs and elsewhere, his head twisted aside and brought down upon his chest. In addition, he had something of a Satanic cast that suggested the famous violinist ; hence he was nicknamed “Paganini L——.” He was the son of an archbishop. It was odd to meet this rather ill-omened apparition in the street. He used to hunt, and was once thrown from his horse, when a friend of his found the peasantry gathered round him, busily engaged in “schrivin’ to sthraighten” his poor neck, which they fancied was dislocated. The victim was crying out, “Born so, born so !” At the club he was constantly seated in the bow-window looking out into the street, hence he got the lively nickname of “The Winder Pest.”

There was an interesting association with this “Paganini” Lindsay. His father’s grandmother — and I can recollect Archbishop

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Lindsay—was given away on her marriage by King Charles II. ! This is a long stretch backwards, but is not so long as that in the case of a Colonel Maude who was alive about 1860, and whose grandfather was at the Battle of the Boyne. I have met Mr. Maude, the clever manager-actor of the Haymarket, and it was strange to think he was the nephew of one so connected with the past.

An official in the Record Office, a clever man too, had a reputation for saying rather biting things—Sir T. G——. It was he who said of a literary friend, who had made money in the tallow trade, “ He a great writer, sir ? Why, he’s the modern *Suetonius*. ” The name of this gentleman’s seat always “ arrided ” me—“ Kilmacud Manor ” : there was such a blend of dignity and of the grotesque in it.

Every one has heard of the strangely deformed Mr. Kavanagh, a truly clever, resourceful creature, without arms or legs. Surely it could only be in this land of sur-

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prises that such an afflicted being should be chosen member of Parliament by a constituency, and only in such a land that so suffering a man would accept the honour. It was rather a shock for ladies in an interesting condition to see a human being roll of a sudden into the room like a ball, or carried in on the shoulders of a servant and set down on a chair. More astounding and perhaps diabolical must it have been to meet on the road, at the hunt, this armless and legless rider, who was secured somehow to his saddle, and whose bridle was hooked on to his shoulder. Yet he rode admirably. Even in London people grew familiar with this phenomenon, and in the House of Commons when the division was called he was privileged to remain with the Speaker, an odd duet. We can only wonder how any one could care for public life under such conditions. More astounding still, he was married and had children.

There was an old broken peer, often seen

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about Dublin—Lord M——. His money was all gone. I recall meeting him one day at his attorney's, who had him in charge and boarded him, and was trying to recover something for him out of the wreck. A lady of title who had lent him £5000 began to press for its repayment, and now his friends suggested that the way to pay it off would be to marry. This might seem a hopeless business, as he was close on ninety years old : but the matter was taken up seriously by every one, and various desirable candidates were submitted. The fact was, they had not enough to satisfy the claim. At last a good-looking girl was found that suited. The preparations were made, and the day fixed. It came to the eve of the solemnity, and the young lady was exhibiting to him her new dresses—in company with some of her friends, when he fell down and expired before them !

A friend was staying in a house in the country where there was a trusty Caleb

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Balderstone of a servant. The master, a needy county magistrate, was entertaining a large number of guests. "More glasses," said the magistrate, loftily. "Faith, I can't, sir," said the man; "ye know we *lint them yesterday*, and they haven't come back." Another host in the same plight kept calling out, "Fetch this, fetch that!" At last Caleb, after various ingenious excuses, said: "Shure, sir, everything ye have in the wurrlid is on the table!"

A host with a strong brogue, which he was affectedly striving to refine—always an amusing thing—said at table: "Let me send you a little more *beecon* with your *vale*." *À propos*, there was a very refined young married lady who, hearing some one praise fried bacon, cried out: "O dear! how nice; do, papa, let us have *a bacon* for dinner to-morrow!"

With Mr. H——, an old friend and one of the old school, I used to dine often, when he used to gossip pleasantly about the past.

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He had met all sorts and conditions of people, had a good memory, and used to tell his little anecdotes pleasantly. Thus, when George IV. came to Ireland, he went, of course, to stay at Slane Castle—the house of his favourites, the Conynghams—which was in somewhat of a rack-rent condition. “All the old beds in the county were begged and borrowed. Lord Manners, the Chancellor, was so bitten by fleas on the first night, that he departed next morning in a rage.” My friend went on to tell that it was said the Marchioness got her son made chamberlain or something of the kind for the coronation, and the family pretended that everything used was theirs of right; they seized on everything, even to the gold lace on the servants’ uniforms.

That fine old Irish style and title “the So-and-so” is found occasionally, as in the case of “The O’Grady,” “The Knight of Glyn,” and others. I remember John Bright, in one of his orations, repeating something that had been “told me by my old friend the Knight

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of Kerry," when the audience—fancying that this was some burlesque nickname—roared with laughter, and poor Bright had to explain

better call it off, as one of the hunger strikers (Sean McKenna) is dying."

Mr Sands had retorted: "Thirty will die," and walked out. A priest later brought two documents from the Northern Ireland Office and the fast was ended on the basis of an interpretation of these.

The *Guardian's* correspondent was present during Tuesday's interview with Mr Sands. Access to the prison was gained by an application for a private visit. But prison officers identified the two reporters as newspapermen and would only allow them in after signing an undertaking that material obtained during the visit would not be used for publication.

The Northern Ireland Office has refused a *Guardian* request to be released from the undertaking in view of publication by the *Irish Times*.

THE MOTHER of a two-year-old girl, found outside a Folkestone police station on Wednesday night, was in an intensive care unit last night, apparently suffering from a drug overdose.

The mother, Barbara Waite, aged 21, was found around dawn yesterday lying in a coma in a shed near the police station.

The child, Cheryl, nearly two, carried a note in the pocket of her duffel coat, reading: "My mummy is dead. Please get me to my daddy in Wales."

Yesterday her father, Mr Roger Waite, aged 31, collected Cheryl from social services officials.

Folkestone police said the Waites had lived in Aylesham, near Canterbury, before they separated in April last year.

Mr Waite had taken his daughter by a previous marriage to live in Thornhill, Cwmbran, South Wales.

mott." I remember myself once meeting

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at Arcachon a personage known as "The White Knight."

In Dublin there was always "this side of town" and "th'other side o' town."

To live "on th'other side of town," save under certain circumstances, was to show that you did not belong to the "smart set." Every physician or barrister who wished to "rise" was ever struggling to get away from Mountjoy Square or Gardiner's Place, and to cross Carlisle or O'Connell Bridge into the Promised Land of Fitzwilliam Place or Merrion Square.

The rage for dining in Dublin, that is, for giving and going to dinner-parties, used to be truly extraordinary. The fashion was all for huge tables of twenty and thirty people. All the official people—judges, bishops—entertained on this vast scale. Half their incomes must have gone in these hospitalities. Now, I am told, there is a complete change, and there is but a very moderate display. All was very well done, and the wines

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admirable—as most had fine cellars—and the city was always celebrated for its claret. Nearly always you met the same persons, who passed on from house to house ; there seemed to be a sort of strict debtor and creditor account, and the entertained entertained in their turn. The late Chief Justice Monahan was hospitality itself, and unwearied in welcoming his friends. His attractive daughters, on their side, kept up the good reputation of the house. They were an accomplished and sprightly family.

There were a number of recognised diners-out on the establishment, as it were. Such were Mr. and Mrs. G—, who might dine out every day of the week on the strength of her marvellous male voice. Mr. and Mrs. B— S— had no apparent claim, save that they were good, solid folk, safe and desirable, lived in “ Muryon ” Square, and supported the Protestant Establishment. There was an honourable or two about, who were always sure of a meal and were received

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with gratitude after their names were announced. They gave a flavour to a party, and impressed much.

Nothing is more common in Dublin society than the general tone of ridicule and persiflage. Everything, whether serious or solemn, is turned into a joke, or jokes are made about it—and very good jokes they are. The result of which is, that no one is able to form a correct judgment or resolution about anything. Hence that uncertainty of opinion, and tendency to follow what is the pleasantest side, which is so characteristic of the place. Every one tries to agree with everybody else, on the ground, perhaps, that nothing is worth disputing about, unless “maybe” politics. But a laugh or a joke sets everything straight. The result of this spineless system, however, is a certain absence of principle and a very marked presence of *insincerity*. There are abundant assurances, enthusiastic promises, which are not meant, and are forgotten as soon as made ; exaggerated praise and admiration—to be suc-

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ceeded by a cordial joining in the “asides” of others not nearly so complimentary, and so on. Everything, civil and religious, in this way is belittled and made trivial. Clergymen joke about their callings, as though it were quite an easy or *funny* thing to get to heaven.

There was a pleasing virtuoso, Sir George Hodson, who used to figure at these banquets, and who knew much about pictures and art—a rare thing in those times. I heard him retail at a dinner-party how, recently making excavations under his old house in the country, he had unexpectedly broken into a cellar long closed up, and there found some eighty dozen of the finest old port. This he disposed of to a local merchant at three guineas a dozen. The local merchant sold it in London at a guinea a bottle, and it was later being offered by the Star and Garter at 25s.

Among others of the habitual diners-out were Lord Charlemont and his clever wife, who acted extremely well—Lord James

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Butler and his lady—Lady Rachel Butler, sister of the Duke of Bedford, also an amateur actress of repute : Betsy Baker was her famous character. Sir Charles Domville, of Santry, and others lived in the far suburbs—and very charming suburbs they were—with fine old places, well wooded, antique houses, all within a reasonable drive.

The Charlemonts were of interest to me at least—for I don't think any one else cared about it—from their ancestor, Dr. Johnson's friend ; though to the general Dublin folk such a recommendation would have seemed ludicrous. “Is it old Johnson ye'r talking about? Oh, mighty interestin', no doubt!” They lived down at Marino on the sea shore at Clontarf, a fine old house with ancient gardens—in which was a classical temple, built by Chambers, of Somerset House celebrity. How many pleasant junketings we have had at this place—driving down for a cheerful dinner party ! Lady Charlemont was a really original character—impulsive, ardent, “ giving herself

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away" as it is called—from her love of frolic and hearty enjoyment of her own merriment. She loved to surround herself with notable people, such as lively literary folk. Her lord was rather a rough blunt personage, giving out "from the shoulder" whatever he thought, and having but little sympathy with her erratic *pleasantries*. She had great accomplishments in the way of reciting and acting. The pair lived a jocund, expensive life—certainly beyond their means—after the then fashion of Irish nobility. They had a good old house in the north, but built a new château on modern lines—which must have been the last straw. They were also seen much in London during the season, taking a house in a fashionable quarter and entertaining a good deal. Gradually the fine old objects of art, such as the Hogarth pictures—painted specially for Dr. Johnson's Earl—the notable "Peg Woffington"—with much fine *virtu*, furniture, &c., began to melt away. I remember an eminent Bond Street dealer being

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on a visit at their house—a most gentlemanly personage, treated quite as an honoured guest ; no doubt he was combining business with pleasure.

There was at the time a rather interesting man who flitted about Dublin society—a sort of half Frenchman—Count de Jarnac, who had married into the Leinster family, and who later, to the astonishment of his friends, blossomed out as French Ambassador to London. He was a pleasant, volatile creature, somewhat like Thackeray's de Florac—amusing, vain, elderly, but posing as quite a young man, and no doubt thinking himself—as all Frenchmen do—most attractive to the fair. He had, under the name of "Sir Charles Rockingham," written some successful novels of fashion ; but his chief hobby was the writing of drawing-room plays. These he printed and gave away. They were usually produced at his own house, were often of a sentimental cast, he himself taking the lover, and an attractive young maiden being selected as a heroine. I

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recall a performance being given at a house in Dublin—a ghostly drama called *The Lost One Restored*—in which the heroine, impersonated by Lady Charlemont, was a sort of animated picture which, under the influence of the gentle passion, came to life and stepped down from its frame. There was much difficulty in procuring this article—for it had to be one of life size ; but the fair performer, or the hostess, exerted her influence with an important Mason, who had one of the full-length portraits that adorned their hall taken out of the frame, and carted away to the house. The count was at his best as the lover, arrayed in a tight-fitting black velvet suit, with bows at his knees—a costume of no particular age or country, but symbolical of a sore heart. The pair declaimed interminably in blank verse against each other. The too youthful ambassador fell a victim to his rashness; for walking home on a chilly night from some party, too lightly clad, he caught a cold, which carried him off in a few days.

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There was a worthy, quaint old gentleman named Bagot—well known, and who had seen much of the world—who lived a few miles from the city at a place called “Castle Bagot.” Of course it was a simple square brick house. He and his wife had once given shelter to Lady Lytton, or Bulwer-Lytton, in her marital troubles—a hospitality which she repaid by introducing the pair to the very life in one of her novels, “The Bubble Family.” We all recognised his favourite phrases—“Oh, the Algerines !” “A regular Algerine, sir !” and “my Calamity,” alluding to Mrs. B. His gardens were laid out after the fanciful rules of the “topiary art”—the flowers trained to exhibit the words “Victoria,” “Melbourne,” &c., in large parti-coloured letters. He was full of stories, a vast number of which I heard from him during the week I spent at “the Castle.”

He told of the solemn Dr. M——, who had been appointed to a post in the Castle, which he had to share, however, with a half-

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mad Englishman, who took a dislike to the doctor, sometimes locking him up in rooms, driving him into corners, and threatening him. "At last," said my friend, gravely taking a pinch of snuff, "he made up his mind to complain, and putting on his best clothes, set off to see Lord ____." I liked that "putting on his best clothes." I forgot how it ended. I see the worthy man perpetually flourishing a huge yellow bandana; most necessary, too, from the quantity of snuff he used, and the all but permanent drop on his nose.

He would describe some attractive lady friend as "a divine human creature," and, looking for some paper, would say: "I have left it in Chaos here," or, "I know it's in Chaos." Chaos was thus a useful generic term for any place of disorder. "It's upstairs in Mrs. B____'s chaos." He described meeting Lady Hamilton. He saw her at a party just after Nelson's death, surrounded by a bevy of men; her red cheeks painted;

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she laughing boisterously, and generally unattractive.

His wife was an amiable lady who had once been a beauty, and in consequence prattled on always in a sort of infantine fashion. She had her stories also. One was not bad, of a certain old Major M—, of G—, one of the good old school, but somewhat feather-headed. I have dined with him at his country house when he kept up the good old state—richly liveried servants standing behind each guest's chair. At one time there dined a certain Mr. R—, who was concerned in Lord Cardigan's affair, well known as the Black Bottle business. Now, it was the major's custom to have set beside him a measure of fine claret, to which he invited his guests, by crying periodically, "Who'll have some of my Black Bottle?" This would not do with such a guest, so he was again and again cautioned not to use the invitation. But in the course of the dinner he began as usual, "Who'll have some of my—," then checked

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himself abruptly, warned by telegraphy. "Oh, I *know* now," he said, "I forgot that I wasn't to say anything about the Black Bottle—but I stopped in time." After dinner he would go carefully round the room, arranging the high-backed chairs in order, sometimes courteously asking a guest to move and allow him to put his chair in line.

A figure on which my eyes always rested with interest was Sir Thomas Staples, the Father of the Irish Bar ; a spare, gentlemanly-looking man, who had seen much in his long life. He was the sole survivor of the Irish House of Commons, and was sitting in it when it was extinguished. He did not look aged, nor did he feel aged, yet he was long past eighty when I knew him. He was Crown Counsel in all the criminal prosecutions in the north, and discharged his duties, if not very brilliantly, yet on the whole satisfactorily. On the circuit, I have often walked with him from town to town, distances of ten or twelve miles. He took little part in society, but was

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an enthusiastic musician, and devoted to his 'cello, on which he performed respectably. At his pleasant seat, Lissane in Tyrone, he and his excellent wife would get up a sort of musical festival, inviting the vicars-choral from Armagh, with a fiddle or two, when all day—for they were insatiable—Mozart's and Beethoven's symphonies were gone through with an almost pitiless severity. Sir Thomas would insist relentlessly on every "repeat," extracting almost a groan from the patient pianist as she had to turn back a score of pages and recommence. They were kind, friendly people. She had been a prime beauty in her day, as her full-length portrait at Lissane attests; a sprightly figure, in an amber-coloured dress, dark hair and ringlets, and tripping out of her canvas like one of Romney's heroines. Old people used to talk of the handsome Kitty Hawkins.

Another interesting personage whom I used to meet in Dublin was the brother of Maria Edgeworth, a placid old gentleman of Pick-

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wickian aspect. It was a curious feeling to talk with one whose uncle had attended the unfortunate Louis XVI. on the scaffold. I was glad to hear from him his glowing account of the first coming-out of the Waverley Novels. As he said, it was a "perfectly gorgeous time to look back to." There was a *coterie* at the Bar who clubbed together to get the novels from "Millikens'" library as they came out, and they were read out aloud to special parties. He remembered Lady Charles Bury, the author of the amusing "Diary of the Times of George IV." saying of Sir Walter, when he confessed to the authorship, "There is no more reason for believing him now, than for disbelieving him when he denied the authorship." Mr. Edgeworth was once at a dinner at our house with Lady Staples and her husband—and a most agreeable dinner it was—when he talked a good deal about his famous sister. "When I was quite a little girl," said Lady Staples, "I came late to a party, and was reproved; on which Miss

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Edgeworth came forward and comforted me : 'I once came late like you, and a lady said to me, "Don't be afraid, little girl, for you come from a country where punctuality is no virtue."'

What do we not owe to that delightful cheery writer—so full of ebullient spirits and natural frolic—the author of “Harry Lorrequer !” Few works—save, perhaps, “Pickwick”—have been so “enjoyed,” in their pink covers, as those of the irrepressible Charles Lever. There was no formality, and perhaps little probability ; the hero was a sort of military Munchausen, but who cared for that ? You were carried on by the irresistible buoyancy of the thing. I recall a delightful dinner given by his old friend, Joseph Le Fanu, when this pleasant man and myself were the only guests. Odd to say, I found him a grave-looking man, without any of the rollicking twinkle in his eye that one might expect. As is well known, he was no Irishman at all, yet was even “Hibernior”

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than the natives themselves. He was very pleasant at this meeting, and told many interesting things, but nothing specially racy. At the same agreeable house I once met Mrs. Norton, with her truly classical head and raven locks, then a little silvered, but still a fine woman as it is called. Her conversation had a strain of quiet and satirical banter that was delightful. I knew two of the three Sheridan sisters, and most attractive women they were—Mrs. Norton and Lady Dufferin, mother of the late Marquis—later Lady Gifford, one of the sweetest women it was possible to dream of. On the same night, the daughters of the house—sparkling, brilliant girls, with a strong dash of the Sheridans — gave a little dramatic piece written by themselves, which amused us all “ mightily.” I came to know Mrs. Norton very well—or I should say pretty well—and used often to go and see her at her bijou house close to Charles Street, Mayfair. She had pleasant, despotic ways. Once hearing

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that I was about to write something about her loved Sheridans, she sent me a haughty message, forbidding me to touch the subject. I, of course, obeyed submissively.

“Joe Le Fanu’s” house in Merrion Square—by the way, his name was always pronounced with the “a” short, but in London it was more correctly voiced “Le Fānu”—was a perfect gallery of Sheridan portraits. Here was “old Sheridan” of the “Dictionary,” and Richard Brinsley, and the *spirituelle*-looking Alicia Le Fanu, with other dames of the family, rather plain, as well as I recollect; with a portrait of Swift which Mr. Forster had engraved for his “Life” of the great Dean. What a museum of literary memories Dublin was then! You found close by St. Patrick’s a dilapidated alley of houses—Hoey’s Court—one of which was Swift’s birthplace. Close by was the quaint old Archbishop Marsh’s library, where the Dean used to read, and where there are great folios marked profusely with

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his notes. Hoey's Court has long since been levelled, and the library altered out of recognition. St. Patrick's itself has been restored by the well-known Guinness, and at vast expense. The worthy brewer, it is said, disdainfully rejected official architectural aid, relying on his favourite builder for the alterations—an arrangement, it need not be said, disastrous enough as regards taste. The sister cathedral was dealt with too architecturally, and the accomplished Street, being given *carte blanche*, all but rebuilt it. This Benjamin Lee Guinness, of James' Gate Brewery—it is remarkable, by the way, that it is the only native drink mentioned by name in the "immortal *Pickwick*"—was thought to be a sort of millionaire. He was certainly wealthy, but he could not have even dreamed of the dimensions to which his business would expand. He was a stout, short, modest man, placid, and I always thought resembling very much one of the Cheeryble brothers. His acts of benevo-

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lence were very much like theirs—unobtrusive and done by agencies. Could he have for a moment imagined that the business would swell and grow in so gigantic a measure, or that his sons would have two peerages and a baronetcy among them? It is said that years ago the eldest of the twain decided to free himself from the brewery, and left the business with a modest income of £60,000 or £70,000 a year. The second and shrewder brother, who had a genuine taste for business, held on, and devoted all his labours and talents to working up the concern. He connected himself with a banking-house, and hence was brought out that famous and most successful bit of finance, the Guinness Brewery, Limited. The amazing profits of the concern can hardly be conceived, and any one who holds a large number of the original shares may consider himself lucky indeed. This fortunate second brother, as I have heard from the late Lord Morris, has made a capital of some fifteen or

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sixteen millions. Lord Iveagh must have about half a million a year. Once, in Carlton House Terrace, I was asking an old apple-woman which was Lord —'s, one of the brothers, house. She did not know. A sort of corner-man, who was near, interposed : “Why, bless you,” he said, “it's Guinness he means. *That's* Guinness's house.” He did not care to recognise “Lord —.”

It is extraordinary to look on, at St. Patrick's—as indeed I did in company with John Forster, his biographer—the tomb of Jonathan Swift, the great Dean, and read the terrible, nay diabolical, inscription : “Where desperate rage shall no more rend his heart.” What a view this gives us of the man ! And who that really felt that savage sentiment would care to have it engraved upon his tomb ? I once went down to Celbridge, where I believe Vanessa lived, and from old people there gathered up some curious traditions. Once from curiosity I strayed into the lunatic asylum which Swift founded, an old-world

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impressive place which was very much as it was in his time. I had some difficulty in getting out again, and had to produce credentials before I could be released. With a certain sorrow I say it, but we really have no claim to Swift, or to many of the distinguished so-called Irishmen.

The name of Lord Brougham takes me back over a long stretch of years. I remember this indefatigable veteran coming to Dublin in charge of that hobby of his the *Social Science* Congress, now extinct, but which seemed to be a perpetual glorification of this somewhat vain veteran. Their opening meeting was held in the huge round ball-room at the back of the Mansion House, a structure which was "run up" in six weeks for the festivities of George IV.'s visit. It was curious to look on this strange, gnarled face, and the odd figure, and think of the Queen's trial and other exciting matters in which he had been concerned. When an elderly gentleman with a star and

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a markedly hooked nose came forward to speak, and was announced as the Duke of Wellington, a shout of welcome arose, and the enthusiasm was so strong that I verily believe many fancied that this may have been the great duke himself. The old chairman was exceedingly despotic and intemperate, and later on gave poor Blanchard Jerrold, the secretary, a forcible "jobation" for his carelessness in omitting to write to some notable person. But every one had to submit to his humours, and he did practically what he liked. This Duke of Wellington, at one time, took a great fancy to the Lyceum Theatre and its gifted manager, and I have often seen him there ensconced in a private box. He had, however, the most appalling bronchitis that could be imagined, excelling even that permanent one of our late friend Palgrave Simpson. The fits used perversely to come on in the midst of some solemn discourse, delivered by the great Henry in his most slow and measured style.

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The spasms seemed uncontrollable, and as sonorous as uncontrollable. The impatient gods would call out rudely, “Shut up!” “Turn him out!” But it went on worse and worse, till even the amiable Henry seemed put out by his noble patron ; then the din of protest increased, until at last the poor man was led out by his companion. Poor Palgrave had more discretion. He had trained *his* cough to lie slumbering ; but at times, in the middle of an act, it would burst out mutinously, and the poor sufferer was seen flying to the door.

The dignitaries of the various religions were of course always prominent personages in Dublin. Archbishops Whately and Trench were notable figures enough ; so were Archbishop Murray and Cardinal Cullen. Often to be seen coming out of the large mansion in Harcourt Street, was the Dean of St. Patrick’s, Pakenham, brother-in-law of the great Duke of Wellington. I recall the Vicar of Dundalk, who occasionally came to

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Dublin, and was Dr. Thackeray, uncle, I think, of the author of "Vanity Fair," who describes a visit to his relation at his Irish town. Dr. Thackeray was popular with all classes in his cure, and they subscribed to have his portrait done. The engraving shows him as a tall, burly man in Hessian boots.

It used to be said that there was but one High Churchman or Ritualist in Ireland, though later there was another of a rather intrepid sort—a vicar of a certain church at the end of Mount Street, Canon Smith. The other was the excellent Maturin, son, I believe, of the dramatist, and vicar of a poor charge out in a picturesque suburb, Grange-Gorman, where he struggled manfully, not only with bigoted foes, but *against*—as a poor cotter said—an overpowering family of some ten children. Some of these have made a name, and are well known as popular and advanced clerics. One is a Catholic priest. Many of us will remember that

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highly smooth and polished divine—Dean Tighe—Dean of the Chapel Royal, who lived in and sniffed up the Castle atmosphere for many a year. There was another courtly dean—Browne—with pleasing daughters who married well, one just escaping being Duchess of Portland, though her son became duke. Her husband was the pleasant, bluff, honest, and good-natured Colonel Bentinck, later General, universally popular; I hear his short barking tones now; he was proud of his handsome wife. Dean Tighe was, of course, of the Woodstock Tighes, the family of the once admired poetess. He looked a true ecclesiastical courtier. He was succeeded by Dean Graves, later Bishop of Limerick, a truly amiable man, and highly popular with all creeds. The handsome deaness was a very clever woman, and the mother of clever sons, one of whom is editor of the *Spectator*, another the author of many lively songs, notably of “Father O’Flynn;” another a playwright. Bishop Graves was a deeply

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read scholar, and a great authority on hieroglyphics.

The college dons were all—in those days, at least—of the old-fashioned type, slow moving and wrapped up in their own importance, an extraordinary contrast to the smart, up-to-date Fellows of our time. One—Doctor Carson—was esteemed to have one of the finest postage-stamp collections in the world. There was old Provost Sadleir and worthy Doctor Todd, who might be taken for a little rotund priest, with his well “turned” little legs. Ingram, an amiable man, was also of mark, but was invariably mentioned as associated, I fancy to his annoyance, with the notorious song of “Who fears to speak of ninety-eight.” Dr. L—— was a rough personage, of rather uncouth manners. In his early days he was said, perhaps untruthfully, to be somewhat economical of the truth. Once at the Fellows’ table he was telling some stories of his schoolmaster. “He birched me, sir, insisting that I had told a

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falsehood. It was most unjust, for 'twas really the truth." "Anyhow," said a sarcastic friend, "the birching cured you of *that*."

As a boy I recall the dignified and saintly Dr. Murray, the Catholic Archbishop, an ideal prelate, respected by all. He was, perhaps, too pliant and easy-going ; his face was truly mild and benevolent. His dean, Dr. Meyler, a priest of the old school—the *very* old school—was installed at Westland Row.

"Paul Cullen," as he was familiarly called by even the more orthodox of his flock, was a much more remarkable and liberal-minded prelate than he has been supposed to be. There was a pleasing naïve simplicity about him—something after the pattern of Goldsmith, whom in face he strongly resembled. I always liked him for his pleasant confession made in open court : "I was at a Quaker school when a boy, and I have always got on with the Friends, who have been very kind to me."

The ordinary Catholics were altogether

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looked down upon by the High Protestant set. A few of them were just recognised as worthy persons—in spite of their faults—who deserved to be encouraged, but this was all in the way of patronage. Otherwise the barriers were stoutly guarded. The Catholics mostly lived near to each other “on the other side of town,” saving the Catholic doctor, who was glad to get into Merrion Square if he could.

The local fanaticism of the religious factions passed belief. There were “missions to the Roman Catholics,” as though they were heathens—while these latter asserted that every convert was purchased with gold subscribed in England. A perfect “red rag” was the absurdly named “Bird’s Nest” for the rescuing of “Romish” infants, and bringing them up in the little Protestant nest. They were said to be regularly bought from their parents. There were periodical battles in the law courts over these infants. The Bird’s Nest figured largely in the pastorals of the bishops.

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It was astonishing how we all got through the agitated times of the Land League and "the Invincibles," when all was terror and confusion, and conspirators going about armed to the teeth. I recall one day when I was walking down the street that led to Westland Row, and was puzzled at meeting ill-looking fellows lounging in pairs at intervals all along the street. The whole way was dotted with these pickets. Going into a shop to buy a paper I heard enigmatical talk going on, such as "It's been dark enough all these days," "Ay, maybe, but the sun's to come out presently." We later learned that these people were waiting for Mr. Forster, who was expected at the railway. The plan was to attack his carriage in the open street and murder him. He had been warned, and did not come. As this was not long before the Phœnix Park outrage, they were, no doubt, the same conspirators.

About the same time I went out to the Secretary's lodge in the Park to see some one

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who was there, and found the avenues, bushes, &c., all beset by police. There was a visible agitation when I rang the bell, and a shrunken, ghastly face looked suspiciously. This was the hapless Trevelyan, whose life was said to have been a burden to him, as he must have been haunted by a dread of assassination. His hair palpably became whiter. The Dublin police, since those disastrous times, to the present hour, I believe, always carry cutlasses during the night hours.

The unfortunate Tom Burke was a well-known character, with much of that assertive and superior English tone which was common enough in Dublin. He talked fluently enough, and had a flourishing way with him. Poor soul ! That terrible fate was about the last thing he could have dreamed of, and seemed about the least appropriate, for he was a harmless creature enough.

There is one almost romantic story which is worth recalling. There was living in the

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city a clergyman who held a small office in one of the cathedrals—a quiet, amiable man, with a family of four children. He was unobtrusive and uninspiring, and had one delight, which was his joy and comfort in his struggles—his violin and the practice of music, to which he was devoted. He was quite content and happy even in his modest condition, and was much liked by every one for his simple, old-world manners. He often came to our house, bringing with him his darling fiddle, when he played Haydn or Mozart, his playing being like his nature, quiet and unassuming.

After many years, suddenly came news that our modest parson was now possessor of a great fortune, having succeeded to an old lord in the north whose name even he did not bear. It was a noble estate, said to be worth about £30,000 a year. Here was a change indeed for the modest family. But there was no change in them. They were very anxious to make their friends share in

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their good fortune, which, however, really seemed almost an embarrassment to these good people.

Presently, however, came a sad stroke. His excellent wife died. By-and-by we heard that our clergyman had married again, to one of his own connection, who appeared to have his same retiring ways, but presently was shown to have a more aspiring nature, and one more suited to her situation. Ambition was in the air. There were now house-parties and gay doings. An imposing addition was made, and half a new castle built. It was indeed a noble place, upon a historic lake. I often found myself there enjoying their pleasant hospitality. Other great mansions fringed the lake, and their owners would come across in a boat. By-and-by there was the mansion in town and an assault upon London society, which was successfully carried out; for the châtelaine had gifts in this way, and knew how to gratify her very legitimate ambition. There were

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balls and concerts and dinner-parties, but through all this old Irish friends were never forgotten. Soon followed the peerage, and our old friend now became “the Rev. Lord —,” who was often found in churches and religious meetings in company with the Lord Bishop and other dignitaries. This, I believe, was the only part of the business that gave him real pleasure. There was something almost pathetic in seeing this simple being thus engulfed in the whirlpool of gaieties, struggling ineffectually, but enduring all most patiently. I am sure he would have preferred his old haunts and his old fiddle. Music, however, was still his comfort. He had built a great concert hall, attached to his castle, which he inaugurated with a sort of festival for which a cantata was specially written. Nor had he lost his old simplicity ; often after dinner he and his sons would strike up some old “catch,” such as “Call George again,” or “Glorious Apollo,” or even our old friend the “Non nobis, Domine.”

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This rather surprised some of the London swells. In due time this worthy man passed away, much to the regret of us all.

It is often now an illustration of the difficulties of success, in London society, to find, at some party given by Irish people, that you might just as well be at a Dublin party. For, somehow, the same people seem to have been transferred thither. It is amusing to hear the native voices, and the betraying question: “When did you come over? I crossed the day before yesterday.” “I am goin’ back to-morrow.” No wonder some of our countrymen at home are sarcastic. “So this is what you call London life, and gettin’ into English society; and so you have to fall back upon poor old Dublin after all.” This is a favourite and most effective sneering tone, good humoured apparently, but *malin*. And he will go on repeating: “Fancy, now, coming all the way to London only to meet the Irish!”

Indeed, I wish I had the skill to analyse

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this motley Irish society—the plainly acid mixture of “chaff,” sneers, loud laughter, secret chuckling, ironical praises, and, above all, “good stories” about so-and-so.

Nowhere is there such genuine and yet so comically odd a veneration for persons supposed to have money. Such are addressed in quite a reverential way, and spoken of in awe-stricken fashion. It was often amusing to note the absurd exaggeration of the measure and value of worldly emoluments in the case of smaller folk. I have heard talk something like this: “What’s become of Jack So-and-so?” “Didn’t you hear? Oh, my boy, he’s fallen on his legs as usual; gone and married an heiress.” “You don’t tell tell me so!” “Yes, with £5000, not a penny less. There’s for you!” There were various superannuated spinsters who gave an occasional dinner or party, or kept a carriage, and were therefore considered “’normously rich”; even ordinary merchants, making four or five thousand a

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year, were spoken of as “ Why, he’s a perfect milyniair, sir ! ”

Our good city — without offence be it spoken—is a begging city. Indeed, every native of the country begs more or less—patriots, barristers, younger sons. Going to chapel of a Sunday morning, I recall the lines of old crones seated on the steps with hands outstretched and crooning something—all forbidden by police, law, &c., but who minds that? Occasionally, in some retired street in London, you hear a patterning behind you, then a low growling voice, to the effect that the speaker or growler is “ starvin’ wid de hunger,” or “ hasn’t bruk his fast since last night.” This appeal is made surreptitiously and in a guilty way. Of course, you never hear the English or Scotch accent behind you. Are they too proud to beg ?

In Dublin every one looks for a place, and of course begs for it—a “ place in the courts ”—commissionerships, assistant barristers, and so on. When a post of the

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latter kind becomes vacant, the crush and clamour is frightful; every lever is set to work. I believe every barrister in practice, almost without exception, sends in his claim. The most toothsome and most coveted offices are the snug commissionerships of £1000 to £1200 a year, such as that of the Board of Works, which the facetious Will Le Fanu enjoyed. Most functionaries have three or four sons, whom it is contrived somehow to get "into the courts," or some public place. The butlers or footmen even are ambitious, and look to "an official place" ("Ah, mistress —, wouldn't ye just get me a place undher governmint?"), and have even before their eyes the hope of becoming "crier in the court," or porter, and intrigue for it like their betters. A clever managing lady that I wot of had a butler who had this ambition, and she got him a nomination for "somethin' under governmint" (much preferred to something "agin the governmint"). There was this

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drawback—that he had to pass an examination. He was a stolid, rather stupid being with a family. His mistress, who was a woman of resource, went to call on the examiner, “talked him over,” as it is called, interested him in the case, and somehow—I know not how—the fellow, though an ignoramus, was actually “passed” somehow, and *pushed* into the place! This is a fact; and a very clever woman she was. I remember well how she actually “talked” the solicitor of the great Law Life Assurance out of his claim for costs—a prodigious feat.

The extraordinary shape this eleemosynary system takes is astonishing. An official dies, leaving, of course, his family in a poor way. A subscription is instantly got up, say, by the excellent Sir F—— B—— and a few more. A couple of thousand is collected and given to the widow. Another gets embarrassed—another subscription. A more extraordinary instance even—a popular and

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humorous divine, whom everybody liked, was, it was given out in vulgar phrase, “hard up.” True, this had come from entertaining, dinners, &c. ; but he was *such* a good fellow. Some three or four thousand pounds were collected and presented to him to indemnify him. All this really comes from weakness of fibre; no one has the courage to refuse when he is told that “so-and-so” and others have put down their names. Everybody is smiling and laughing and making a joke of the business all the time.

It was always “a grand thing” to go to London. Much was always made of it by advertisement some days before, and every one tried to get what profit he could out of it. “I am goin’ over to London to-night” was something to say. *À propos*, one of the most amusing spectacles I ever saw in the course of my railway travelling was on one evening when I was “going across,” and an immense crowd, for some purpose or another, were

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gathered at the booking office. The scene was indescribable—the clerk was hopelessly and helplessly *drunk*. A score of people were pressing him—“Where’s my money? Where’s my ticket? You rascal, you have given me no change.” The unhappy man, quite bemused, must have given wrong tickets, wrong money; but still, with that wonderful luck that attends the drunkard, he got through somehow, and I doubt if anybody cared to make complaint.

But, above all, it is incumbent on you to let friends, and those whom it might concern, know by documentary proof that you *have* been to London. You had to write your name on a sheet of paper, left for the purpose on the saloon table, so that next morning it could be read in the newspapers that “Mr. and Mrs. Murphy and the Misses Murphy ‘crossed over’—the correct phrase—by the *mail boat* from Kingstown.” Mark ye that! To have “crossed over by the North Wall” is something less dignified. Of course, nobody cares

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to know all this, but it is read all the same—for a purpose—with much speculation : “Now, what on earth takes th’ O’Dowds to London, and where the devil did he get the money ?”

The journey, whether by night or day, has always a certain gaiety and variety. In the morning there is gay Kingstown Harbour : the bay seems bright and inviting, and the boats are very fine. Coming in to Holyhead is a stirring scene, with the long trains drawn up and waiting—the road up to London has always a sort of novelty even for those most familiar with it, owing to the change from the local surroundings of one’s native land, which is always striking enough. It almost seems like entering into another kingdom. At night there is the pleasant voyage across, and the midnight scene at Holyhead, with the long train of sleeping-cars waiting ; and welcome always that sudden waking up at early dawn with the pleasant surprise of rolling into Willesden, and the inspiring cry of “Tickets !”

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London ! It seems like the man in the "Arabian Nights," who had dipped his head into the tub of water and drew it out instantly ; but who in the interval had loved and married and had children grown-up, and was being ordered for execution.

Once the viaduct on the pretty Welsh line had been swept away by the sea and the traffic completely interrupted ; when we had quite a day of adventure. When we came to the scene of the disaster, we found a vast assemblage of carriages, waggonettes, etc., every vehicle in the district being pressed into the service. All the baggage was thrown upon the grass in confusion, to wait the carts, and we were told we were not likely to see our property again for some days. It was a lovely sunshiny time, and we had an enchanting drive over the Welsh hills, to reach the other side of the broken bridge. It seemed like a picnic ; every one was in such spirits. But there was a delay of some hours, with the result that it was midnight when we

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came rolling into the vast station at Birmingham. Then came a headlong flight to town, which was reached at two o'clock in the morning.

What a contrast between the old style in which the journey used to be made when I was a boy, and the present system! We then went to Liverpool by fine and powerful steamers, such as was the good old *Iron Duke*, which saw many vicissitudes, descending at last to carrying cattle, etc., after it had lost its nobler service. This departed about seven o'clock in the evening—we went down to Kingstown by train, and there the mail bags—how well I remember it!—were tossed into a little hand-cart, which they barely filled—not more than thirty, I should say—and were trundled down the pier to where a “flare” was blazing at the gangway of the *Iron Duke*. The passage was about ten hours; on landing you were driven to the Adelphi or some other hotel—breakfasted, and got up to London by three or four o'clock,

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If you caught the six o'clock express you might arrive at noon. There were also little midges of vessels that ran over to Holyhead, starting at eleven at night to catch the morning coach to Chester. Now there are large and powerful liners, making the passage in three hours, and going over twice in the day. At the evening service you see the through trains from the north, the west, and the south all arriving *seriatim* on the packet pier, each laden with passengers and baggage. I suppose there are half a dozen vans of the latter as compared with the little old hand-cart which I recall. There are besides the huge baskets of the parcel post which are sent anyhow and everyhow, by any train and packet. In later times there was a mid-day boat, which reached Holyhead about six or seven o'clock. The rest of the night was spent on the railway, and London was gained about five o'clock A.M.—all most inconvenient and uncomfortable.

The Kingstown railway was one of the first

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opened in the kingdom, and one of my earliest child's recollections is the being taken down upon the line, then just inaugurated and thought a wonder. The primitive form of guard's brake then used dwells in my memory. It was a sort of "hand lever" which worked through a chain on the wheel. I see the poor guard struggling with this instrument, often ineffectually. Later came that curious line to Dalkey—the atmospheric railway—worked by exhausted air, through an iron tube. I recall, too, the primitive engines—the cylinders *outside*, and fixed on the top of the boiler close to the chimney. They jumped up and down with an alternate motion. I am always persuaded—it may be a pleasing delusion—that I once made a voyage in one of the first of the primitive steamers. This is an interesting speculation, but it is so far away that I cannot be quite certain about it. It was somewhere about the year 1838, and our family, seeing that a vessel was to sail from Kingstown to Havre, where we had

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relations, determined to seize the opportunity for making a visit to that cheerful French city. The name of the steamer was, as I believe, the *William Fawcett*, and if this be so, she was one of the first steamers that belonged to the P. and O. company and figures in its collection of pictures. We had nearly a week's voyage in this rickety tub to Havre. Not long ago I was invited by Sir Thomas Sutherland, the chairman of the great P. and O. Company, to take a trial trip of a great new steamer, with a large company on board, on a week's voyage—and a most jocund expedition it was. What an amazing change from the *William Fawcett*: I suppose not more than 400 tons—to the great P. & O. steamer of some fifteen or sixteen thousand.

How delightful and even romantic were these journeys in those far-off days! Now the London and North-western, which we Irish look upon as our own altogether, and have a sort of affection for, have a

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regular fleet of steamers between the familiar “North Wall” and Holyhead, where the Company have taken possession of the whole town and excavated an enormous harbour. I used almost to venerate the L. & N.-W. R. Co. Dublin owes an enormous deal to its spirited exertions.

Dublin has somewhat the air of a foreign city—Sackville Street notably ; and its public buildings are held to have much architectural merit. The old Parliament Houses—a highly original construction—the Custom House, Exchange, have been admired, but these are the work of an Englishman. There are a number of statues, not worse in their art than those of London. In front of Trinity College is a very suggestive group—Burke and Goldsmith by Foley, Grattan, and Moore. In Sackville Street is an enormous testimonial to O’Connell which has not room to display itself, and also a monk in his robe, of decidedly weak execution. Close to the bridge is a rather spirited image of Smith O’Brien—his arms folded

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patriotically. In the Royal Exchange is a noble statue of Grattan by Chantry, anent which the sculptor used to relate a rather quaint incident. He was waited on by a committee, who came over to report upon his work. "Now, see here, Mr. Chanthrey," said a member of the deputation, "there's just this wan objection. Where's the Constitution?" "What Constitution, sir?" "Why, sor, the R-r-ock of the Constitution, to be sure. Isn't he to be standin' on it?" The bewildered sculptor tried to show that it was beyond the limits of his art to convey an idea of "the Constitution," though he might furnish a rock; but the deputation were not satisfied, and withdrew with but a poor opinion of his powers.

The names of the Dublin streets have a sort of expressive or dramatic effect: Dame Street, Great Britain Street, Bachelors' Walk, Pickwick Lane (even), D'Olier Street, Great Brunswick Street, Mary Street, and Henry Street. It is, however, gall and wormwood to

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Nationalists that all the leading streets should bear the names of distinguished Englishmen : Essex Bridge, and Capel Street leading to it, Grafton Street, Rutland Square, Sackville Street, Westmoreland Street, and so on. When the new Carlisle Bridge was finished, a battle long raged between the factions as to what name it was to bear. The patriots desired "O'Connell Bridge," though he was not then in much favour. This was resisted, and at last an odd sort of compromise was agreed to ; to wit, that it was practically to bear *both* names. This is contrived by an ambiguously worded inscription on the bridge. During the discussion a local newspaper incidentally mentioned that the bridge *divided* the north side of the city from the south ! The same dispute raged as to Sackville Street —“widest street in Europe, sir”—the name of which must be changed to O'Connell Street. All the traders and business folk objected. The same thing went on, and does go on, in Paris. I believe, at the present moment,

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the old and the new name are both in equal vogue, *i.e.*, you are sure to be driven to the right place under either denomination. A regularly recurring battle is waged as to "Nelson's Pillar," as it is quite correctly styled by the natives—a lofty column which the patriots have again and again striven to have removed. Fortunately, the Government have some control in the matter. There is really a genuine eagerness to have the hero—hateful because he brought so much glory to England—carted away. At the same time, one wonders how he came to Sackville Street.

Many years ago there was a characteristic display of party faction in connection with a statue, which had a deplorable result for the interests of art—to wit, a monument to commemorate that fine old soldier, Lord Gough. A large sum of money had been collected, and the commission had been given to the excellent Irish sculptor Foley. The result was a very imposing and spirited

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equestrian statue—the old warrior being presented on a rearing steed bare-headed and turning to look back as if to encourage his followers. The effect was really fine and “dashing.” Odd to say, the horse was already doing duty out in India and carrying Lord Hardinge—a replica of the animal being fashioned for Lord Gough. This, however, did not much matter. But, unluckily, the Gough family were popularly held to belong to “the English Garrison” and to be enemies of ould Ireland, though they were really patriotic enough, and had brought much honour to their conntry. Accordingly the City Fathers, who had the allotting of a site, though they did not venture to refuse one, ingeniously contrived that there should be only one spot available, in a sort of lane or *cul-de-sac*, where the whole effect of the monument would have been lost. This, of course, was a mere pretext—but nothing could make them change their purpose. The indignant committee thought at first of setting the statue

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up in London, where it would have been heartily welcomed as an ornament, but at last decided to place it in the Phœnix Park—a good mile or so away from the city, and where no one can see it, unless he take a long walk or drive out for the purpose.

The name of this Gough family suggests that extraordinary affair of the wild baronet, Sir John Carden, and Miss Arbuthnot—who was sister of the then Lady Gough. This extraordinary being persecuted her for a long time with his unwelcome attentions, at all times and all places, until life became a burden to her, and the law interfered. Then came a daring attempt at abduction—which, I believe, failed. It was a regular mediæval wild Irish romance.

There used to be a mad B——, in good circumstances, whose friends allowed him to go at large—to the public annoyance. He attended every kind of performance—including the courts, which he disturbed by his addresses to judges, etc. I saw him once drive up to

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Fitzwilliam Square in his mail phaeton, where he was refused admittance to his great indignation—police had to be called. What became of B—— I know not.

And oh! for the Dublin cabs, such ram-shackle tattered boxes as they *used* to be, at least. It was Foote, I think, who said that he never knew what the English beggars did with their cast-off clothes till he saw the Irish ones; he would certainly have made the same discovery as to the worn-out London cabs. I well recall the time when the first two or three were followed as curios. For then the “covered cars” were in vogue. These grotesque things were almost inconceivable, literally a square black box on two wheels. Many a time we went to parties in these black boxes, the ladies in full ball dresses. As the door was at *the back*, the driver, to deliver his charge, would turn his horse at right angles to the pavement—as is done with the coal carts—and the fare, or fairs, were discharged like flour sacks. Nothing

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but praise, however, can be given to the outside car—a delightful form of conveyance, healthful and enjoyable. As to private carriages, you could almost count them, and could point out with certainty Mrs. So-and-so's.

There is no place where you will be so certain to find something oddly Gilbertian as in Dublin, and this may be noted and accepted as one of the proper incidents of its life. Thus, there is at the end of Sackville Street a very imposing institution, known and spoken of *tout bonnement* as “the Lyin’-in Hospital.” These words were always spoken out with antique simplicity. A fair one might be seeking some place close to “Great Britain Street,” when our driver would reply, “Shure I know it well, miss, just by the Lyin’-in Hospital.” Close to this meritorious institution are the Rotunda and Rotunda Gardens, always in occupation for balls, pony races, dioramas, bazaars. I am almost certain I have seen fireworks and an “eruption of

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Mount Vesuvius" in these gardens, on which the windows of our Lying-in Hospital look. There is something *bizarre* in all this: the poor woman in a critical way, then an eruption from the crater of the burning mountain, then the band striking up, the mob applauding; while the poor soul is adding another item to the population. The comicality is in the notion of a healing-place drawing its support from what must be actively perilous to its inmates. This Rotunda, known to all wandering exhibitors, is really a very beautiful, if old-fashioned, set of rooms. The "Round Room," with its rococo stucco work, is a truly elegant apartment, as is the "Pillar Room." How many a jocund dance we have enjoyed there!

The Dublin car and cab fares are, or were, ridiculously low. It is certainly easy to make complaint of the tattered state of the vehicles; but the driver can hardly make both ends meet, or the sides of the rents in his coat meet, on sixpence for a "set down!" Think

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of that, London grumblers and summoners of cabmen! Some "fares," utterly without bowels, will take the unlucky man across from one end of the city to the other for this wretched fee. Most folk are more liberal, and give the sixpence for a short distance only—a couple of streets or so.

The experienced car-engager will always, before mounting, cast a wary eye at that important part, the step, to which he must trust his whole weight. A friend noted that the step seemed loose; the carman dismissed the objection—"Ah, shure, it's *too* strhong it is—what are you afraid of?" and he shook it: when it suddenly came off in his hand. In reply to the angry "fare," he said: "Well! shure, didn't I save you from a broken leg anyhow?" But endless are the stories of this cheerful and good-humoured race of beings—not a day but some quip of this kind was being retailed. There is always something almost pathetic in the sight of a lowly funeral—a train of cars—three

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mourners a side—six in all—several of the six carrying babies—and all trailing along with a sort of grotesque solemnity.

At one time there suddenly arrived in Dublin an extraordinary company of London dealers, who came to carry off all that was valuable. It was a regular *Bande noire*. The original *Bande noire* appeared in France after 1830, bought up old châteaux for the purpose of dismantling them, and sold the materials piece-meal. Here, for a chariot they would give ten pounds—for an old carriage twenty. These were immediately pulled to pieces and dissected. The wheels were sent away and used for cabs. Another part of the system was the despoiling of old houses, mansions, &c. The impecunious owners were not able to resist the temptation of ready cash offered for chimney-pieces, pictures, and furniture. It was astonishing the quantity of spoil these people carried off. The business was regularly organised.

By the way, I remember as a boy, numbers

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of our friends who kept their chariots—a rather stately form of equipage—which drove by, the coachman sitting on his hammer-cloth, footman behind with his sloped cane. And what a noisy rat-tat he would give, notifying to all concerned that here was carriage company! Then there was the letting down the steps with a clatter and bang, and the fair tenant helped out. On going away, how often used I to admire the nimble servitor running after, as the carriage moved on, and airily stepping up behind. Sedan chairs? Ay! How well I remember a stout lady of title coming to our house in one! She was borne into the hall by two strong chairmen, who slipped out their poles, rearing them on high like masts, one opening the “front door,” the other lifting the top. She protested she heard one say to his fellow, “Ah, Pat, I can’t sthand up—my back is *bruck wid’her* entirely.”

It was when returning home after a foreign tour that the contrast struck me. Coming to London from gay, brilliant Paris, where

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every street is a scene in a play ; it was a shock to see the commonplace, prosaic London—dingy without glitter or colour—the first thing noted being the porters in their shabby, dirty clothes—so different from the glittering town. But what was it to the change from London to Dublin ? Nothing could give an idea of the contrast—dirt and decay everywhere, railway porters in rags, houses lying unrepaired for years, hall doors and windows awry. It was a common thing to see grass growing on hall door steps. For these steps were short blocks of granite put together, which by-and-by sank and became uneven. In Dublin the notion of the cook or housemaid washing the steps would produce a rebellion. Such a thing was not dreamed of. The curious thing is, we were all utterly unconscious of this appearance of dilapidation. It is only, as I have said, on returning from London that it struck us. Convenient “shifts” are often employed. In one house I remember a visitor was

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thrown on the floor—having sat down on a chair or sofa, whose fourth leg, being broken and gone, was supplied by a pile of books ! Another went down, exactly like the people in the diverting piece *Our Flat*, to the bottom of a sort of box made to simulate an ottoman.

Most people have heard of the Fifteen Acres—a stretch of ground in the Phœnix Park, which, as might be expected, contains many times more than that amount, warranting the attorney in adding—"be the same more or less." It was the regular duelling-ground. I suppose hundreds of encounters must have "come off" there ; and what splendid reviews of troops used we to witness there ! There was not a gala or birthday that was not celebrated by this popular form of diversion. And how it was enjoyed ! The whole town crowded out in carriages or cars to witness the sham battle, review, or whatever it was called. No one now sees a review in London or elsewhere. And yet it was a cheap and simple

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way of entertaining the masses. Boz has described in his account of the sham battle in *Pickwick* exactly all that we used to see.

The hotels used to be a very weak place in the Dublin economy. Who will forget the ramshackle Shelburne in Stephen's Green —a vast number of old ruinous houses, stuck together somehow! Thackeray has sketched the window held open by a poker. Then there was the good old and quiet Morrison's, described in one of Lever's tales, lately closed and offered for sale. Gresham's too, in Sackville Street. Now the Shelburne has become a very fine place, with foreign waiters, *table-d'hôte* breakfast, programmes and music, etc.—things undreamed of some years ago. After a recent visit I can declare that I never was in a better hotel. It was at the Shelburne that Boz and his henchman Dolby put up. In the front room with the bow window, I dined with him, and heard him give the place great praise.

Oftentimes I think of the Dolphin Tavern;

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I know not why, but it touches a chord. The Dolphin was an old-fashioned tavern out of Capel Street, celebrated for its fine old "October ale," which, as an old uncle of mine used to say, was equal to "meat, drink, and clothes." It was really noble stuff. Flanigan of The Dolphin used to tell his patrons with some pride how once the great Bass firm had sent a quantity of ale to Dublin which had all "spoiled" and had to be replaced. In their embarrassment they appealed to the faithful Flanigan, whose cellars were stored with their barrels, and who generously came to their rescue and surrendered all his stock. Flanigan's was the regular lunching-place of the Bar. It was about a quarter of an hour's walk from the Four Courts. I have had a good experience of lunching-bars, but I have never tasted anything really better than the things Flanigan set before you. He had a speciality of lobster sandwiches, admirably dressed and flavoured, and kept simmering hot on a gas stove. The only

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place comparable to Flanigan's was Mrs. Linden's in Belfast. In London we have no idea of such a lunching-place as was hers. It was perfectly astounding. You entered a cavernous sort of tenement and saw stretching away to right and left two counters absolutely laden with every known delicacy ; sandwiches of every conceivable kind ; cold and hot things by the dozen. You walked on and on and on. Her reputation particularly rested on her wonderful currant tarts. Nothing could be better. She even exported them in quantities. Every one knew Mrs. Linden, and ordered her things—a plain body of a woman, seen always behind her counter and looking after her business. I always cherished this Linden tradition, for she was of the Bar, the gentlemen of the Long Robe (ridiculous formula) being her chief patrons. For me she was associated with many notable families in the North, whom her name brought up before me in a sort of vision.

After a long absence—I suppose of nearly

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twenty years—I found myself one day in dear old Belfast. I instantly thought of Mrs. Linden and her famous cakes and sandwiches. I looked for the familiar place, but somehow I could not “locate it,” as the Americans have it. I asked a policeman ; “Linden—Linden ! Don’t know it ; never heard it.” “Good gracious,” I said vehemently, “the great confectioner and caterer—surely ?” “Never heard of her,” repeated the fellow ; “she ain’t here, anyhow.” I must confess to feeling a pang as I heard this news. It seemed to destroy a vast deal. I had clung to Linden and her tarts ; but to find her thus wiped out, almost forgotten, not known even, a woman whom I had known as a personage. It was really going back beyond their times.

As a mere child I well recall the great storm of 1837 and the general alarm of the terrible night. No one nowadays can have an idea of its horrors. Every one was up till dawn, struggling to keep the windows or,

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indeed, the front of the house from being blown in. The houses rocked and chimneys were tumbling in all directions. Mattresses were used, and chests of drawers, furniture of all kinds piled up. In our house a carriage-pole screwed into the floor by aid of a gimlet did good service.

Many years later, in the open day came a famous hail-storm which smashed almost every bit of glass in the city. One small quarter, I think, escaped. It was curious to see how completely and thoroughly the havoc was wrought—every pane in every window being broken. A “canny” friend, so soon as the mischief was done, instantly took train for Kingstown, six miles off, and returned incontinently with a couple of glaziers. His house was set right; but for days and weeks perhaps, owing to the dearth of glaziers and of glass itself, most of the natives had to be content with *white* paper “panes.”

The easy carelessness or *nonchalance* of the

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community is illustrated by what occurred at some festival or street rejoicing when a procession was to pass by Trinity College, in front of which are placed two of Foley's finest efforts—the bronze statues of Goldsmith and Burke, both *alumni* of the University. The students mustered in force within the railings, climbing up on every coign of vantage to see the fun ; the two statues were not overlooked—and it would appear that some youths must have sat upon Goldsmith's head ! For it was discovered, after the show was over, that the skull of the poet had been crushed in by the pressure. It was a delicate and difficult matter to repair, and took many weeks. It was ingeniously contrived by inserting screws in the head, and these, working in a fixed bar, gradually drew upwards the sunken portion till it attained the proper contour. He was, in fact, *trepanned*. But only conceive of such a casualty not being foreseen !

Again, there was a disastrous fire in which

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several unhappy creatures were burnt, all owing to the fact that at the time such a thing as a fire-escape did not exist in the city! There was much violent indignation, agitation, and denunciation, with the result that a stock of fire-escapes was speedily provided. After some time another great fire broke out—a few unhappy creatures were seen at the windows, but no fire-escape arrived, and they were burned to death. It turned out that the fire-escape sent for was chained up and padlocked, and could not be stirred! The keeper was away, and the keys could not be found. It was then ordered that all fire-escapes should be left free. I am not sure but that there was a third case later, where the escape had been so little looked after that the ropes had become rotten and broke.

All the little watering-places, from Kingstown onwards to Bray and also beyond Bray, are exceedingly pretty, and have a charm of their own. But in most cases little or nothing is done to add to what Nature has furnished.

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There is a place near Dalkey—called Sorrento—which is perfectly Mediterranean, and can all but match Monte Carlo. At Bray and other places no one has ever thought of making a raised promenade or *digue*. The houses and terraces are mean and shabby. At Llandudno we can see how magnificently and how profitably such a place can be fashioned. All round the Irish coast it is the same. In Belgium, where the coast is tame and monotonous, a new watering-place is created about every ten years or so—just touching the older one. Thus, near Ostend, Blankenberghe was established—beyond it came Heyst, Knocke, and others. On the other side were Mariakerke, Neuport, etc. It was amazing the rapidity with which they grew up. There were at first half a dozen houses with an hotel—then a terrace—then a *digue*—a Kursaal and a grand hotel. In a few years it was a crowded, flourishing place. Kingstown has in nothing changed during the past fifty years. It is difficult to know what is the

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reason of this, for building and accommodation “pays” here just as well as it does elsewhere.

The judges, from their high position and good salaries, were important personages in the community. There could be no glamour or make-believe as to their emoluments. There were some odd characters among them ; but their chief “note” as a class was that of holding on obstinately to their offices until the “soul’s dark tenement” all but fell to pieces. It was astonishing the uniform tenacity that was displayed by these veterans. The venerable old Lefroy, long judge and Chief Justice, was actually hearing cases and giving judgment when he was ninety ! He took a pride in not using glasses, and I must say he had a most dignified style and manner. No one could rebuke better. But I must confess my chief interest in him was his having attracted Jane Austen when he was a young fellow. The only

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fault that the gentle Jane could find with her admirer was that he wore too light a coat! The old judge in his decay used to speak tenderly of his gifted partner in the dance. The Lefroys were a Huguenot family, and it is remarkable that nearly every one of the name attained to distinction of some kind.

A ninety-year-old judge is a surprise. But what will be said to a blind judge—literally stone blind—who had to be led on to the bench : Penefather, whom nothing could dislodge—neither newspapers, nor the cries of suitors, nor those of counsel—for he could not take a note. The blind judge, resisting the pressure put upon him, used to say to his friends : “So long as the public will stand by Baron Penefather, Baron Penefather will stand by the public.” The utter unconsciousness that the public were not “standing by him,” and were only eager to be rid of him, is amusing.

Then we had our *deaf* judge—Perrin—

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who spoke in a low growl ; discontented with most things, and mistaking, like Judge Stareleigh, all that was said. Much amusement was caused by a misprint in the *Freeman*, I think—"His lordship grunted the order," for "granted." Perrin was a tender-hearted man, always on the side of the weak and the poor. I myself heard him say on circuit to a poor woman who said she had no counsel, and was in despair : "Never you mind that. I'll be your counsel myself ; and let me tell you," he added, "you might have a worse one." Judge Perrin also belonged to a Huguenot family. "Perrin's French Grammar" was still in use. Judge Torrens was another Huguenot. There had been Saurin, a great advocate and descendant of the Preacher ; a popular preacher named Fleury ; Vignoles, a celebrated engineer ; while in trade and commerce there were Le Nauze, the Tabuteaus (pronounced "Tabby Toes"), Rambauts, Chaigneaus, Lefanus, and many more. Chancellor Brady was also connected

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with these Huguenot families, his Christian name being Mazière, or Mazeer, as it was always pronounced. He told me that they were descended directly from the Brady of the "Tate and Brady" partnership—an interesting association. This suggests a story connected with the agreeable family of Sir Edward Borough, always in the forefront of the Dublin entertainments. Armit and Borough were the well-kown firm of army agents. The Regent was said to have talked with one of the family. "Armit—Armit," he said; "what, a son of Armit and Borough?" "No, your highness, of Armit only."

All these aged incumbents felt that they were impregnably secured in their position, and that there was no power to dislodge them. There was one way however: that was to make it worth their while to retire; and this I believe the old Chief Justice was willing to do if his son were put on the bench. But this was paying too high a price, and besides, the law officers had their claims.

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Then there was Chief Baron Pigot, whose rage for taking notes was a sort of mania. He must note everything down, but was a very slow writer ; hence the evidence of a witness was a most extraordinary process. A few words were uttered, after which came a long pause, during which the judge was carefully writing. After a reasonable period the witness would begin again—when he was violently interrupted—“ Stop ! stop, sir ! do you not see I am taking down your evidence ? How can I do so if you talk ? Keep your eye on the top of my pen, and when it stops, you may go on.” He was a truly upright and conscientious man, but a sore trial to counsel and suitors.

Once the Chief Baron was trying a sensational case with more than his usual pains-taking prolixity. Day after day was trailing by, with no sign of the end—the unhappy jury worn out. A counsel was expatiating : “ This gentleman had all the insolence of office, and who, as Hamlet says, can bear *that*? ” A jury-

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man said quietly, “Did he say anything about the Law’s delays ?” The whole court roared—the judge himself was convulsed ; but most of all the galleries. It really showed an extraordinary familiarity with the Bard that such an allusion should have been “taken up.”

Shall I ever forget the famous dog case, where the ownership was disputed and the dog himself brought into court. As the case grew entangled, the judge thought it necessary to have the animal beside him on the bench, when he opened the dog’s mouth and carefully looked down his throat. Not much light coming from this process, his lordship ordered the court to be cleared of every one save the counsel in the case and the claimants, and a grave, solemn test was applied. Each candidate was to call to the animal ! This was tried, but the test failed.

And Judge Ball !—not all the stories gathered in Lord Cockburn’s account of the Scotch Bar could match his eccentricities. He was an unfailing source of

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amusement, which he seemed to provide willingly enough, as, by a curious delusion, he fancied the fun was at the expense of others and not of himself. His favourite fashion, particularly on circuit, when he indulged in all sorts of gambols, was to affect to misunderstand the witness, and to assume that he had said something extraordinary. As for instance at Belfast, when a northerner in his dialect deposed that he had been told something by a man who was “one o’ the wetnusses.” “What?” said the judge, in affected astonishment. “Let me understand you! One of the what did you say?” “One of the wetnusses, my lud.” “Good heavens! do you mean to tell me that down here men act as *wet-nurses?*” Here counsel would interpose—“He means witnesses, my lud.” “Oh, I see.” This sort of thing went on constantly. Another “wet-nurse,” speaking of a machine, spoke of “her gudgeons being quite hot.” “Good heavens! *Her gudgeons*—you were speaking of

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a machine just now—and what *are* gudgeons?" I have heard him tell how once at Parma he had dined with Marie Louise, Napoleon's second wife, and afterwards went to her box at the theatre to see a masquerade. She was very curious as to the masks, making guesses as to who the people were. "That is So-and-so, I am sure." There was little ceremony—he had no court dress with him, but the Chamberlain said that did not matter. He used also to relate a curious freak perpetrated by him and Sir H. Barrow, at the time of the late Queen's accession. They found the Privy Council assembling in the small hours, and entered with the rest, though they did not belong to that body, and took their seats unquestioned. He described the young girl in mourning coming in and passing to the top of the table. When it came to signing, Barrow scrawled some illegible hieroglyphics, and Ball wrote "*Nic. Batt.*" It was said that the name so appeared in the newspapers next day.

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Baron Hughes was an amiable man, though not reputed a very brilliant judge. He was the father-in-law of the late Lord Morris. He wrote a work called “Hughes’s Chancery Practice,” which was poorly thought of in the profession—in fact, was good-naturedly said to have been one of the worst law books ever written. A facetious barrister used to relate that he once strayed into an auction room just as he heard the auctioneer saying : “The next lot, gentlemen, *is a miscellany*. It consists of a bootjack, a toothpick case, and—‘Hughes’s Chancery Practice.’”

Judge Keogh—pronounced “Kho” in one syllable, not “Keehoe,” as he was invariably called in England—was a remarkable personage ; a political adventurer, some considered him. But as to his cleverness and brilliancy there could be no question. I see his round, red, and rather monumental face now. He was rare good company, and told his many stories admirably. What a career his was, with that of his friend Sadleir, whom

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“Boz” introduced as Merdle into “Little Dorrit”! As regards Sadleir, I find in an old diary written at the time a curious anticipation: “His fate is like the ending of a Dickens story, such as that of Ralph Nickleby: one can supply, as Dickens did, all the dreadful feelings growing on him gradually, the shadows darkening, his mind clouded, &c.” I was present on the morning that Keogh first took his seat on the bench. He was greeted with cheers in the hall and also when he took his seat in the court. Some one asked a barrister next me what he was thinking of. “I am thinking,” he answered, “what can have suspended the Providence of the Almighty on this occasion.” Another, pointing to a respectable old gentleman who had seated himself in the witness-box and was staring at the bench, suggested that “he must be one of Keogh’s principal creditors.” The appointment was indeed thought a serious scandal.

A short time after Keogh had taken his

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seat, I heard a counsel state some legal proposition which he declared "not even the youngest of them would deny," referring to the judge. This was curious, as anticipating in a sense the well-known *mot* of the Master of Trinity.

There were two judges at least who had been fire-eaters ; one had killed his man. This latter, when in the House of Commons, used to make blunders which caused much laughter and scoffing at almost everything he said. Such, for instance, as his saying, "I do not stand here to *mitigate* the evils of the Court of Chancery," meaning to say "palliate." Some of his friends, however, let the casualty just mentioned be known, and it was astonishing to see what a change of a sudden took place, and how respectfully he was treated henceforward. The other was the Master of the Rolls, the Hon. T. B. C. Smith — "Alphabet Smith," O'Connell's "Vinegar Cruet," an epithet truly appropriate, for a more bilious, sour-looking being never sat.

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I had had the ill fortune to make my *début* at the bar before him. He once challenged an opposing counsel in open court, his sensitive nature being fretted beyond all endurance. Almost everything he said was more or less disagreeable. I heard him address a counsel, “Not a single word of what you have been saying this half-hour has anything to do with the question.”

During the 'forties there was one Englishman on the bench, Judge Burton. It was one of the most curious coincidences that he should have been brought over by O'Connell as his clerk, and getting called to the bar was later destined to try and sentence his old employer !

I heard from an old Irish barrister that Doherty, the Chief Justice, wishing to give Canning a good idea of what Irish eloquence was, sent him a copy of some famous cause in which Bushe and all the “great guns” had expended floods of oratory. Canning read it with interest, and later, asked by Doherty

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how he liked it, replied, "Oh, very good indeed. There was a very sensible speech in it by a man called Burton." There was much behind this significant judgment.

I must not pass by two men of extraordinary ability, who were quite unprovincial in their talents. Both were Chancellors of Ireland. The first was Ball, a truly accomplished man and jurist, whose first speech in the House created quite a sensation. He was a thoroughly solid orator. The other was Hugh Law, who Mr. Gladstone said was the best law officer from Ireland he ever had dealings with. He was of invaluable service to him in the legal details of the new Irish legislation. Law told me that nothing more amazed him in all the round of Mr. Gladstone's gifts than his almost instinctive grasp of legal and technical details. He could draw a clause as well as any parliamentary draftsman. The present Mr. Justice Madden is as agreeable as he is accomplished. There have been few more sudden successes than his

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scholarly and pleasant work on Shakespeare as a sportsman.

What lawyer ever made such profits of his talents as the late Lord Morris of facetious memory? Here was a barrister of very moderate talents, but endowed with a rich brogue and a certain pushful power ; and yet, what were the results? : (1) a law officership; (2) a judgeship; (3) a baronetcy; (4) a life peerage; (5) a superior and well-paid post for his brother, head of a board, &c.; (7) a baronetcy for the said brother; (8) a well-paid post for his nephew; (9) a lordship of appeal in the House of Lords, besides other good things which I have forgotten; finally, a British peerage for himself, on which he withdrew from public life.

This was no bad crop to reap. I suspect there were other dependents of the family who obtained “berths” through the same powerful agency. I was always astonished at his success, for it was difficult to conceive of a less refined nature. Most men of the world,

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and especially those who have worked their way through the world, feel constrained to simulate even a sort of interest in the doings or feelings of other people. But Lord Morris had no such notion. He had little taste for books. His books were Lady This and Lord That. It was amusing to note how his attention flagged and his eyes grew listless as any favourite topic, such as cultivated men like to discuss, was introduced. A world full of Lord Morris and Killanins would be a very prosaic affair. I think his humour was rather over-rated, and it always seemed to me that the whole point of each instance was assumed to be that he (Morris) had said it. I fancy he was the last person of position that used what might be called oaths or asseverations. He did this, not from profanity or temper, but simply from a wish to emphasise the point of his story. "By G——, sir, I thought the feller 'ud ha' dropped down, &c." You could hear him in the Athenæum Club hall holding forth in the richest of brogues.

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Some of the judges had elegant tastes—such as Sir Edward Sullivan in Books, others in art. In Liffey Street there used to be a small number of “old curiosity shops.” Lord James Butler had found here Empire furniture, rare Sèvres, Chippendale mirrors, all to be had “for songs.” The Castle folk used to go down, eager to trade on the “confiding simplicity” of the natives. Now, the dealers are thoroughly wide awake, and it is difficult to obtain a bargain. An officer, who gallantly met his death in the relief of Gordon, carried off some thirty fine old chimney-pieces, to fix in some houses that he was building in London. There are many clever *collectioneurs* who know their Liffey Street well.

The most conspicuous of the Irish judges has certainly been the late Lord Fitzgerald—for whose talents the English bar had the greatest respect. There was something calmly judicial in his tone and manner, a quiet dignity, attended by reserve, and absence of all attempt at “showing off.”

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Lord Fitzgerald was a very successful man, both in the House and at the Bar. He had a large family, and after the death of his wife, being ambitious, he married a Peer's sister, quite a girl—a most pleasing and interesting woman—perfectly suited to him. Then came a second family. How hospitable they were, at their pretty villa Kilmarnock at Ballybrack—situated on quite an Italian headland. Many a charming Sunday's dinner have I shared in down there. The late Judge O'Brien also won much praise for the admirable way in which he directed the "Invincible" or Phœnix Park murder trials. Chief Baron Palles—the last of all the Chief Barons—is also well known and respected. The one solitary Serjeant left is found at the Irish Bar—Serjeant Hemphill, M.P.

It would be difficult to give an idea of the uproarious but highly amusing scenes that took place in the courts when any sensational cause was being tried. The galleries would be packed with idle fellows—the idler bar

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struggled for places in their own quarter—applause and laughter alternated. The highest point of excitement was reached when either that wiry-haired terrier Fitzgibbon, or the bulldog Whiteside, “rose to cross-examine.” No one can have an idea of the ferocious bullying to which the unhappy witness was subjected—he was roared at, intimidated, ridiculed—everything that was required for the examiner’s case was wrung out of him ; while the judge, secretly enjoying the fun with the rest, looked on smiling, or sometimes interfered with only a gentle depreciation. No play could be more interesting. I recall a number of exciting cases which drew great houses—such as *Matthew v. Harty*, where a young man had been imprisoned in a lunatic asylum—the great Montgarret peerage—and the most famous of all, the Yelverton marriage case. I recall this commencing quite unostentatiously in the middle of the day to a half-empty court; and being attracted by the interesting plaintiff who was under examina-

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tion. This fair creature was a most pleasing heroine—with her fair hair, sweet voice, and suffering manner. She told her sad story in the most captivating manner, and most effectively. But it would be difficult to give an idea of the uncontrolled riot that continually reigned in court. There were cheers, uproarious laughter, applause, and scarcely restrained execration for the unhappy defendant. Mr. Brewster, who was his counsel, had a most difficult and painful task ; while Whiteside flung himself into the case with a sort of passionate hysteria almost inconceivable. As was to be expected, all this frantic enthusiasm abated when her cause failed and the Dublin verdict was superseded by that of the House of Lords. I knew her in her later, less prosperous days, when the poor creature was trying to get something substantial from her former adherents ; but there is no situation more piteous than that of the heroine of whom people are grown tired.

The whole community became excited, and

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for weeks nothing else was talked of. A verse of the street ballad will be recalled :

Long life unto the jury
That brought the verdict home,
Because she was a mimer
Of the Holy Church of Rome.

The unconscious *naïveté* of the confession, “*because she was*,” which more or less was true enough, is amusing. Once after a dinner-party the facetious Nedley, with a companion as facetious, stood and sang this lilt in character and with the proper twang and brogue of the street minstrel, to the great amusement of the company. A distinguished Catholic physician, however, took deep umbrage at the performance, declaring an insult to his faith had been intended. Things were always liable to “gang agley” in this fashion.

Another leading figure at the bar was the amiable and highly popular O’Hagan—Tom O’Hagan, as he was called—a strong patriot of extraordinary oratorical power, that is, of

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exceeding fluency. He was always “*agin the Government*,” particularly at any dramatic or stirring crisis. He was a most agreeable, conscientious, thoroughly good man ; but he certainly made his patriotism pay ; and in no country does patriotism pay so well as in Ireland—never was man so fortunate or enjoyed such a stream of favours. He was long a County Court Judge, but when Mr. Gladstone “arrived,” he became the first Catholic Chancellor—was made a peer, and—*O la bonne fortune !*—albeit past sixty, espoused a wealthy young lady belonging to one of the oldest English families. Under the Land Act his son-in-law became judge of the court, and others of the family were comfortably provided for. He was a man of unbounded hospitality, and, settling in London, gathered in at repeated dinner-parties everybody of note or that was worth knowing. I don’t know any one to whose personality the word “agreeable” could have been more fitly applied. And yet there were

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many things that troubled him. I recall his saying to me, on a walk we had together, "Alas, I was far happier as a simple County Court Judge." He was seized suddenly with a fit, and, after long lingering, died.

We should have heard "Tom" O'Hagan in such a case as that of the Bible-burning trial, when a monk—Father Petcherine, I think—was prosecuted for this offence. How impassioned he was! how he vindicated the right to burn! And yet, how droll it all was! For here was no freethinker or infidel, to whom the burning of the sacred volume might seem a desirable thing—but a pious priest, who reverenced it! I forget how it terminated.

"Tom" O'Hagan was a most fervid orator, and allowed himself to be carried away by the full torrent of his feelings. Once on circuit he was conducting a case against a local "gay Lothario," who was sitting almost behind him. I had come in late, just as he was in the middle of an

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impassioned burst, when he turned round and began “branding” the culprit, addressing his indignant glances and gestures to *me*, who, he assumed, was the heartless betrayer. It was exactly Serjeant Buzfuz turning on Mr. Pickwick in court. He grew warmer and warmer—“If *this* man has any heart, if he has one spark of honour left.” There was a good deal of tittering, as may be imagined.

Poor Lord O’Hagan ! he had, I believe, but the one fly in his ointment—or perhaps his lady had. It was that unfortunate Hibernian title—which was rather *too* racy of the soil. “Lord o’ This” or “Lord o’ That” does not command respect. It seems out of an Irish novel. The old Irish Peers were far more romantic in devising their titles—Earl de Montalt, Lord Belvedere, Lord Bellamont, Lord Charlemont, Lord de Vesci, Lord de Montmorenci. It would have been easy enough, and as cheap, to devise something romantic, retaining O’Hagan as the family

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name. I was told that an attempt was made to have the title changed into Townley—Viscount Townley would have sounded better. What has happened since the death of this pleasant man would make a curious chapter.

At his obsequies there occurred what I thought was a most singular incident. It was at the old Warwick St. Chapel, which is lofty, with a high, flat skylight. All the dignitaries of the church, and the friends, widow, etc., were seated round ; the Office was being chanted ; when lo ! there came a crash of broken and falling glass, and a great black cat was precipitated down—some fifty feet, I suppose—into the middle of the choir, when she got up and disappeared in some mysterious way.

I recall once, when at the old town of Monaghan on circuit, my astonishment at hearing in the middle of the night the watchman beneath the inn windows calling out in sonorous tones, “ Past twelve o’clock, and a

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cloudy night!" This left a strange, old-world impression. There was, by the way, at these assizes a strange romantic murder trial in which I was concerned, the detection of which turned upon the victim's watch, which had stopped at a particular hour, and which was the witness that convicted the accused. An account of the trial was written for Dickens's journal. It made a deep impression, and I was not astonished to find that he utilised this strange incident in his "Mutual Friend."

The two successful brothers-in-law, Whiteside and Napier, both held high place at the bar, Napier being Member for the University, Whiteside for Enniskillen. Napier—the Right Hon. Joseph—was much gibed at for his ostentatiously sanctimonious ways, his soft creeping manner and voice. Some set him down as a sort of Stiggins, others as "a very good man." Perhaps he was something between.

Whiteside, tempestuous and torrential as

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one of the great French rivers, contrasted with his relative's somewhat sluggish stream. Mrs. Napier was a good-natured being—of strange expressions and blunders, uttered in a rather strange voice. These odd speeches were circulated with enjoyment, much as were those of Mrs. Hudson, to which class they belonged : as when she would declare that “she knew nothing of Mr. Napier's *taking a purge*,” meaning thereby, after her fashion of pronunciation, “*taking a peerage*.” Thackeray—than whom none knew better or so well (marvellous in a Saxon !) the niceties of the Irish pronunciation, or the particular tones of the brogue, which go deep and signify character—once heard a man declare that “they had a *bauncy* in their family”—*i.e.*, a baronetcy—and all Irish will recognise the *nuance*. One of her daughters—a pretty girl enough, with a good voice—was married to Sir Duncan Macgregor's son, a man—the father, I mean—whom I always looked at with extraordinary interest, as I ever have done on

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one who has passed through some wonderful adventures of peril. For he was one of the few survivors that escaped from the great burning Indiaman which is a “leading case,” as it were, in all the collections of “shipwrecks and adventures at sea.” He was rescued, and became head of the Irish Constabulary. The humorous element in this highly serious family was this—that the father, generally known as “Holy Joe,” was blessed with a son who was a perfect “pickle.” What wrestlings had “Holy Joe” had to encounter in this connection ! He was certainly sorely tried by his “Willie,” and most ludicrous it was to see how this Willie felt compelled, for the mere respectability of the family, to assume a sort of serious air. When he came to the north-east circuit with us, it was a perpetual delight to see how Willie shook himself free of “Holy Joe’s” influence, and drank and sang, and comported himself in a very pleasant and perhaps unedifying way. He was highly popular, I really believe, on

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the ground of his amusing antagonism to his sire's methods. How he used to give us a lilt, with chorus, known as "The Leather Breeches"! And here again I must note the strange phenomenon that this black, bitter, Papist-hating youth was at heart a far better and more genuine Irishman than the regular native element belonging to the old faith. He delighted in consorting with poor Paddy, and knew all his ways, enjoyed his fun and frolic, and told stories of him with immense zest. Poor Willie, he had but a short run for his money !

Whiteside was married to Napier's sister—who Mrs. Napier was I know not, but they went forward very prosperously—the brothers-in-law advancing *pari passu*. Napier was Attorney-General for Ireland, with Whiteside as Solicitor. This was all very well until a later administration came, when "Holy Joe" became Lord Chancellor of Ireland and his brother-in-law Attorney-General. I believe there was much friction about this change,

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and the family affection was disturbed in consequence. There was, indeed, much clamour about the appointment, for "Holy Joe" was known to be quite deaf, and could scarcely hear the judges' words without their being repeated twice or so, he making an ex-temporary trumpet of his hand. Hence the popular distich, "Mr. Na-peer, with his hand to his ear." Of course, he had the advantage that he could *simulate* hearing and perfect intelligence, with no one to question it. The impetuous James thought that the oleaginous Joseph had robbed him of his birthright, and in this connection I recall a very awkward incident. I had gone down to dine at Marino—Lord Charlemont's house—for a "gilt-edged" dinner, at which were announced first the Attorney-General and Mrs. Whiteside, who entered smiling, and presently the Lord Chancellor—Napier! This was most unpleasant; but the pair carried it off most admirably. Even after dinner, when the ladies had gone up and the talk was among

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half a dozen, they contrived never to see or address each other. But the host surely ought to have known what was known to “the man in the street.”

Later, when a fresh opening for gaining the championship came round, Whitehouse thought he might fairly reckon on the prize. No one had worked so hard for his party, his torrential eloquence was ever ready at a moment’s notice, and he would again and again rush into the affray. As he told me himself, Lord Derby would say to him jocularly : “Now, Whiteside, is your shillelagh ready?” When the chance came, however, there was a policy of general conciliation on foot—Whiteside was a high Protestant champion—an Orange-man, to boot—and was, besides, believed to be imperfectly equipped with law, and had certainly no “equity.” What was his rage and despair when he found the coveted post snatched from him and given to Brewster—while he was “put off” with the miserable consolation prize of the Chief Justiceship !

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His friend Forster told me that his grief and mortification were terrible—he could not sleep of nights. Most people thought that the Chief Justiceship was an office beyond his merits, and that he was equally unsuited to it. But he was for a time inconsolable.

I was sorry for him—he was such a pleasant, impulsive creature—juvenile to a degree—ever buoyant, even to “giving himself away.” The Chancellorship would not have confined him to Dublin and the drudgery of the courts. He could have been constantly in his darling London. Poor Whiteside, he was but ill at home in the Queen’s Bench—a sort of uncomfortable prison for him! His rival, the Rt. Hon. Abraham Brewster, used to give himself out as the sole Peelite in Ireland. With an affectation that used to amuse his friends, he would talk of “Grarham,” as he styled Sir James Graham, and rather posed as a martyr. He, however, attained the Chancellorship. It was thought surprising in the ’fifties that there should be three Roman

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Catholic judges in the Common Pleas, and it was dubbed “the court of Rome.”

The familiar “four courts”—so called because four courts open out of a fine circular hall, though there are now six or seven courts—is really an imposing building. It is far more impressive, with its fine ornamental dome, than the “poorish” incoherent structure which, at the cost of so much time and treasure, does the same duty in London. The Dublin Hall is surrounded by statues—and there is one of Whiteside by Woolner, who, I remember, consulted me on the likeness. It is hardly spirited enough in the attitude. I recall asking one of the attendants in the Hall who was the sculptor of some statue. He answered : “Sure, it’s by Misther —, the same, sir, that *cut* Sir Michael yonder,” *i.e.*, *sculpsit*.

Among the judges, there was one of singular depth and ability, but strangely reserved, taciturn, and to a certain extent an oddity. He never entertained nor was entertained. He kept himself to himself, in his large

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gloomy and inhospitable house in Merrion Square, which is now, rather appropriately, turned into a convent. He was so thoroughly well imbued with legal knowledge and a spirit of acute logic, that he could not conceal his contempt for the more superficial gifts of his comrades, and, with little in life to entertain him, he found a daily enjoyment in quietly and sarcastically pointing out their lapses—to themselves. The fashion in which this was done showed the highest "finish," and he ever succeeded in making them thoroughly uncomfortable. The richest treat was when he sat as Lord Justice with his colleague Whiteside, whose rambling "splashings" and open flounderings, covered by a flood of words, laid him constantly open to correction. Often his companion's whole judgment was devoted to a sneering criticism of his colleague, artfully disguised as a discussion and couched in ironical praises. Poor Whiteside used to writhe like a worm on a hook, and shift his position in restless

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impatience as he listened. The worst was, that it was felt that Christian—such was his name—was right. One could but pity, for the victim had indeed but a *mauvais quart d'heure*. Another instance of Christian's pleasant style : he was giving judgment on some right-of-way question, when his colleague, a rough-speaking judge, interrupted : “Sure, when a fellow's had his piece of ground so long, what the devil's right has another fellow to come in and put him out ?” *Christian* : “That's exactly what I have been trying to convey, though I could not express it so forcibly as the learned judge has done.”

I need say little of Dowse, the witty advocate and talker, who is still well recollect ed in the House of Commons. There was a northern “pawkiness” about all he said, well pointed by his peculiar accent. His sayings were notable for their original cast. He carried every one with him—his whole speech at the court was a continuous flow of comic points. The only instance I can recall

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at the moment was his quiet remark, when arguing on a Municipal Act which directed that a certain disorderly class of females should be carted through the public streets,—“a custom,” he said, “which has since fallen into desuetude; I believe, my lord, from the impossibility of the corporations providing carts in sufficient numbers.” “A bar of iron, gentlemen!” he said, at some trial for assault; “why, this bar of iron at last has dwindled into the plain, familiar domestic poker.” “It was only a lark, they tell us; though I never could see why that respectable bird should have the credit of such doings.”

I once heard a barrister—a Queen’s Counsel, too—arguing in a sheep-stealing case; getting into difficulties, he actually urged that the culprit was also guilty of receiving. “Surely, my lord, he might have received the sheep *from himself*, knowing it to be stolen. That is only common sense, my lord.” No wonder the opposing counsel said, “Only the common sense of Mr. ——.”

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One of the raciest, most exuberant barristers I ever met was McBlain, of the northern circuit. His spirits were unbounded ; and in his cups he would burst into quite Homeric strains, describing one as “the far-darting Murphy,” who had “buried his long-waving, shadowy javelin in my *omphalos*.” There was a ponderous, slow-moving counsel, whom he would address as “the swift-footed H——.” This gentleman rarely spoke, but listened attentively to these humorous quips, when our friend asked, “Isn’t he like the good old country member in the House of Commons who, though he said nothing, *would always vote strong?*”

This amusing man used to go regularly to Homburg, where, at *table d’hôte* and elsewhere, he made things “hum,” and delighted strangers with his histrionics. He had a way of saying across the table to me, “I saw your friend Patti on the promenade with her husband ;” or again, “I saw your friend the King of Prussia driving.” This was a

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favourite colloquialism of his. A grave Englishman spoke to me later in the evening : "How I *do* envy you," he said ; "I come here and I go away without getting to know a soul." "Well, I know very few," I said. "Oh, but Madame Patti and the King of Prussia !" I have seen him keeping both sides of the table in a roar, as he indulged in his vehement flights. The Vice-Chancellor, Malins, was particularly delighted with him.

I once heard a barrister say humbly, when the court objected to an affidavit, "I'll undertake to procure from the solicitor any affidavit that your lordship may require." Nothing could be more accommodating. In an action brought against a clergyman for circulating scandalous stories against another, I heard him plead in the witness box that "he had only propagated these tales with the view of denying them"—a truly comical notion.

There was Sergeant Armstrong, too, a rough customer indeed, who could turn his witness "inside-out." In the Irish courts,

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this unfortunate being was always directed to "get upon the table"—upon which the chair of torture was screwed down ; there he sat most grotesquely conspicuous. There was Rollestane, too—another vigorous counsel, of whom a good-humoured judge, in a dispute as to the identity of a piece of ground, said—"Don't I know it well ?—and Charley Rollestane there and I, didn't we often *wrastle* together all over it ?"

There was Isaac Butt, too, who had a great reputation, though he never much impressed me, owing to his hesitating manner. His life seemed to be a constant struggle with pecuniary difficulties, and this, being well known, impaired the force of his advocacy. He was of the same stamp as Judge Keogh, only the latter was more fortunate. Money was often scarce at the bar, and at times you could not be sure of your fees. I once heard a counsel—when a small case had been decided against him—say contemptuously to his opponent : "Well, that's two guineas for

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you, anyhow,"—meaning that he was now likely to get his fee.

This dramatic element, with the oratorical bursts and impassioned appeals, is no longer to be found. The present counsel are mostly calm, sober, and perhaps humdrum practitioners, much like their brethren across the water.

Wolfe, who was Irish Solicitor-General, I think, about the time of the Norton and Melbourne case (he was of the "Not-a-drum-was-heard" family), told a friend of mine that he was taking an evening walk when he found himself opposite Lord Melbourne's house in the Park. As one would naturally do, he stopped to have "a good look at it," and was gazing abstractedly at one of the rooms mentioned in the trial when he felt a hand upon his shoulder, and heard a pleasant voice : "How does Mr. Sergeant Wolfe do to-night?" It was the owner of the mansion, who looked at him with a sly, half-humorous glance. It was a rather comic situation.

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A barrister, speaking contemptuously of the gossip that goes on in some small towns, said : “ Why, my lud, they know the number of the feathers in each other’s beds ! ” An old servant said to his master : “ Ah sir, be like a gentleman, and head the fut o’ your own table.”

Who recalls now “ Buffer ” Johnston and John Reilly ? The latter had captured a daughter of Lord St. Leonards when he was Chancellor, and we heard a good deal of “ the Hon. Mrs. Reilly.” Johnston was a portly, black-whiskered barrister, who had a position in society, thinking a vast deal of himself, as such stout men do. But never was there a more appropriate name—“ the Buffer.” He looked the “ buffer ” all over, and all he said had a “ buffer ” tone. There were a number of these self-asserting men about ; no one could say what they had to recommend them, but they were accepted, and you heard constantly of what “ Buffer ” had said, or what “ John Reilly ” says.

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There was a young barrister, C_____, who could not deal with any subject except in the most elevated and grandiloquent strain. He would talk gravely of the “lordly champagne and the majestic port.” Once, in an action about a strip of grass attached to a mud cabin in Galway, he pleaded : “Gentlemen, my client found this tract a desert, and he changed its face to a garden of roses. Before, what was it ? a howling wilderness, whence not even an attenuated snipe could find place to rest its wasted foot.” It was long before he heard the last of the “attenuated snipe.”

I always admired the sarcastic judgment given by a judge whose name I have forgotten. Two of his brethren had differed in giving their judgments, when he said : “I concur with my brother Joy, for the reasons given by my brother McClelland.” This was quite in Bethell’s style.

There was a case where the object in dispute was a cow, which had been had on hire and

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was nearly starved to death by the lessee. The judge, asking who appeared for the plaintiff, was answered by a sort of "whining" barrister, "My lard, I appear for *the poor cow*."

I also heard a muscular clergyman, asked about a distance, say carelessly: "Well, it was *about a pistol shot* from my house." I once heard this really good bull uttered by a counsel: "He returned the papers, my lord, but with this fatal omission; he had *left in* the names of the two townlands."

Such English lawyers as Burton, Hart, Sugden, Campbell, and others, were of great value to the Irish courts, as they brought genuine law into fashion instead of talk, and regulated the procedure. Sugden installed his son in a lucrative office in the Chancery Court. He was a curious personage. It was told of him that he occupied two houses, next door to each other, with two gardens in front. A bawling hawker opened the gate, walked up the garden walk, and gave a loud knock, on which Sugden burst out on him

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with fury, and sent him away thoroughly scared. The fellow thought he would try the next house, opened the gate, walked up, and gave another loud knock. When the door was violently opened by the same person, and he was again assailed, thinking it was witchcraft, he flung down his basket and fled.

Counsel, in those days, were an extraordinary and brilliant, if tumultuous, party. There were Whiteside, Macdonough, Fitz-Gibbon, and Brewster, who had all the leading *nisi-prius* and speech-making business. Of these, the most infinitely delightful was Macdonough. Surely, out of Molière or Congreve, a more entertaining character could not be conceived. He was very tall, and affected an absurd gracefulness in his language and movements that was most diverting. He had a sort of soft plausibility that in another would have been sheer impudence—so far-fetched and transparent were the pleas he would offer. But all was

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done with a smooth and almost sanctimonious air. He was, moreover, pronounced by the ill-natured to be a sort of Lothario. I once heard him answer, with due gravity, the venerable old Chief Justice Lefroy, who put a question as to the relation of the parties. "She is not our wife, my lord, but we have been living with her for years, and have had several children by her." It seemed to me that the identification of counsel with client could not be put in more amusing fashion. And his own reputation lent a piquancy to the speech. Mac, as he was called, got into Parliament for the then corrupt borough of Sligo, where contests caused heavy drawings on his hard-earned savings. Strange to say, in London he had some success, owing to the patronage of a certain duchess, who was delighted with his smooth circumlocutions and old-fashioned compliments. Folk, however, brought back stories of social mistakes; as when the duchess took leave of him: "Well, your

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grace, I shall hope to see your grace when I come to town again." "Ah, Mr. Macdonough, I may be in Kensal Green then!" "But your grace will surely *come up* for the season?" He thought it was the family seat in the country. This tale gave great delight.

Once he was induced to give a ball—a great event. A splendid sight it was to see "Mac" promenading it in state with some important dowager, and making regular speeches to groups, as though returning thanks for their attendance. He himself believed—just as Joseph Surface would—in these flourishings—at least, he thought they produced an effect. The supper rooms were carefully locked till the psychological moment arrived, waiting, perhaps, some distinguished guest. But Mac's familiar friends, growing hungry, began to gather together at the door, and soon grew all but clamorous. They somehow got it open, and made a regular raid on the dainties. There was some excel-

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lent roast game, which was cleared off in a twinkling, before Mac and his distinguished guests could get down. He was very angry.

In the early days of my boyhood there was a far higher type of physician than is now often found. Such was Sir Henry Marsh—of a spare, thin figure, his chin and lips of a monastic tint, and very much suggesting that finished actor, Mr. Hare. He had lost a couple of fingers in an operation, to be noted by his black glove and ribbon. He was to be seen in his handsome open victoria, drawn by a fiery pair of horses, always driven at full speed, while he lay back wrapped in his cloak. He was described in a local novel as “Sir Humbug Drivequick,” which in those dull days was thought a bit of happy satire. His name and writings were well known in the medical world. Stokes was another of this fine old school ; his writings and discoveries, as well as those of Graves and Colles, were familiar to the profession. Perhaps the most accomplished and popular was the Surgeon-General,

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Sir Philip Crampton, whom we knew intimately. It was something for me to have my throat burned with caustic by the pleasant physician who had well known and entertained Walter Scott, who was pleased with him. In those days no physician would have accepted anything short of a baronetcy. Knighthoods were despised and laughed at. It is only in our time that they have been sought, and have risen in value. In latter times a number of these honours were offered to the Dublin physicians, by whom at first they were indignantly rejected. However, a shrewd surgeon, Porter, accepted, and, as it was prophesied, the "sir" was found of professional value, people not caring to distinguish between the two kinds of "sirs." Gradually the others came in, save one—the pleasant and most hospitable Sir John Bankes—who held aloof for years, and at last compromised the matter by accepting a K.C.B. An old friend of mine received an introduction to Sir Philip Crampton, from a well-known talkative and

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omniscient lady—at least, in her own opinion. Presenting the letter, the patient said, “I have come to you, sir, because the lady says you are the second best physician in Ireland.” Sir Philip looked rather displeased, when the other went on : “You know, sir, she considers herself the first.”

Another well-known physician was Sir Dominic Corrigan, whose work on fevers gave him a reputation. In physic, as in other things, the religious question entered deeply. There were Catholic hospitals, and one important purely Protestant hospital, in which a standing rule was that no “Romanist” priest was to be allowed to set foot. Sir Dominic was always consulted by the Catholic priests, and I believe was physician to Maynooth College—a post that was certain to lead to advancement in the profession. The present Sir Francis Cruise, who holds one of the most lucrative practices in the city, has distinguished himself by his investigations into the life of Thomas à Kempis—and his

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services in this line have been gratefully acknowledged by the city of Kempen in Holland, which has recently named one of its streets "Kruis Strasse."

The ecclesiastical element was strongly developed in the city, owing to the perpetual conflict between the two religions. Dr. Whately lived in a vast house in St. Stephen's Green—"the Palace"—the door of which was reached by an enormous flight of about twenty steps. The stairs and rooms were palatial. The Stephen's Green mansions are indeed fine things. Many houses of far smaller dimensions boast noble chimney-pieces and other antique glories. I recall the astonishment and admiration of an English visitor who surveyed the lock of our hall door, a gigantic oaken box, richly embossed in brass scroll-work. We had always accepted it as a quite ordinary thing. Dr. Whately led a life entirely apart—in a measure solitary. He conveyed the idea of an uncongenial being, quite disgusted with his banishment.

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This was conspicuous in his soured face and lean figure, and more especially in his sneering speeches and sarcasms at the natives and their country, which were constantly circulated. He must have been a most unpleasant person to have dealings with. He was constantly in the Green by himself. Equally disagreeable was his fashion of making butts of his clergy, treating them to ridiculous conundrums and foolish jests. This seemed to come of his contempt for the Irish clergy, whom he could scarcely take seriously ; he found, however, a few of real erudition, such as the late Bishop Fitzgerald, and a few more who showed suitable obsequiousness. In this connection, he received a happy rebuke from Lever, the novelist, who was walking with him and his chaplain. The archbishop picked up a sort of fungus, which he gave to the chaplain to taste, insisting that it was excellent. The latter was enchanted, declaring that “with a little pepper and salt it would be quite a delicacy.” He then offered some to

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Lever. "No, thank you, my lord," said the latter ; "I am not a clergyman, and though I have a brother in orders, he is not in your lordship's diocese."

Dr. Trench, as the world knows, was an amiable, accomplished, and most interesting man, with a truly charming family, which had quite a *cachet* of its own. All of them have been agreeable and interesting people. I recall a local jest made on his appointment, which is not "half bad." How did he differ from a maritime canal ? Because there the sea was admitted into a Trench, here the Trench was admitted into the see. I fancy he had a very unhappy time of it. His rough, bigoted clergy, who were but half Episcopalian, would hardly tolerate even an old-fashioned ritual. He was constantly harassed by the disputes and opposition ; he was too refined for such a post. I recall his amiable wife's expression of worry, when I was once dining with him, as she said, "Oh, you can't know what we have to go through!" I fancy he often looked back

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wistfully to the old happy days in Dean's Yard.

In the music realm jealousies raged, chiefly owing to the mixture of the amateur and professional elements. There was nothing local that was of much value—everything was “made in England.” The two cathedrals were the bed-rock or basis of the music ; but they were altogether equipped with foreign elements. Incredible as it may seem, it was impossible in a large city of 300,000 inhabitants to find trained voices. They were regularly imported, the basses, tenors, and those extraordinary freaks of nature, the counter-tenors ; and even at the cathedral of Armagh the service was carried on by an English colony. All these caterers aided their ecclesiastical work by giving lessons and singing at concerts. They were Yoakley (odd name !), and, above all, the three Robinson brothers—Joe, Frank, and William—Peele, Gray, and Hemsley, and many more. Organists, too, had to be secured in the same

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fashion, such as Dr. Turle at Armagh. There was, however, one notable native musician, an organist of the first class, who officiated at the cathedrals, and was besides director of the Trinity College Choral Society, Dr. Stewart, later Sir Robert. He was really a very accomplished man, a good and lively talker, a pleasant writer and critic, a composer and conductor with a very up-to-date knowledge of modern music. There are few more agreeable musical memoirs than the account of him furnished by my friend, the Rev. Mr. Vignoles. His wanderings abroad, to the old German towns, visiting and playing the various ancient instruments, with his remarks on their capabilities, make very agreeable reading, and recall the amiable Dr. Burney's "Musical Tour." He was a most vivacious companion, and full of energy. His ecclesiastical compositions are well known at the English cathedrals, where "Stewart's Anthems in A, B, or C" are often performed.

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The College Society meetings just mentioned were most interesting gatherings, held in the Examination Hall, which was crowded with gownsmen and their fair friends. There was often some composition of the conductor performed, such as "The Winter's Night Wake," the words by Dr. Waller, a local poet. These efforts were clever enough, though scarcely above the standard of the average *Maitre de Chapelle*. Their orchestration in these advanced days would be thought rather elementary. I well remember—it is now a good fifty years—bringing from Aix la Chapelle the lovely prelude to *Lohengrin*, which I had heard with rapture, and which seemed to bring the melodious spirits from Heaven down to earth, and these I showed with exultation to Dr. Stewart. To my astonishment, he returned them, saying that he had played them to loud laughter, and that it was "all sheer madness." Years later, I met him at Drury Lane, coming out from

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the *Tristram*, when he had completely fallen under the spell, and now thought that every note of the Master was inspired !

In every society, and at every period, if one only has observation and proper discernment, one can notice characters just as original and entertaining as any in Sir Walter Scott's tales. What a singular original, for instance, was the Joe Robinson I have mentioned ! He was but an ordinary teaching musician, but was much inflated by self-importance. By an odd delusion, he seemed to be always conveying that his real reputation was in London, where the name " Joseph Robinson," his works and composition, were household words. He talked airily of all the great guns—Mendelssohn, Costa, *e tutti quanti*. I remember, however, that when Joachim was playing in Dublin (a most remarkable afternoon), the great violinist came specially to his house and played for a large company, " Joe's " charming wife, herself a composer and executant, accompanying him. This brilliant artiste,

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to the grief of her friends, met with a very disastrous fate. Indeed, I could quote half a dozen Dublin musicians of eminence who ended in the same unhappy fashion. I fancy this came of the almost desperate precariousness of the professional life, the severe competition, and the necessity of keeping up a show, which overtaxed their resources.

Our "Joe" was so superior to local merit, which he was incessantly depreciating, that he could not help sacrificing what were his own most serious interests to support his theory. In this way he contrived to extinguish various languishing societies, though it must be said that they would probably have extinguished themselves ere long. Jealousies, however, raged between the various musical factions, which, like the man complacently sawing through the branch on which he was sitting, did not reckon the consequences to themselves. The Irish Academy of Music, with its professors, was jealously regarded by those who did not belong to it ; everybody

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wanted to teach music and be a “master” or “mistress,” and there were not pupils enough “to go round.” This young and flourishing institution owes its success to the untiring, never-flagging exertions of Sir Francis Brady, son of that almost perpetual Chancellor of Ireland, Sir Maziere Brady, supported by a few others.

It was melancholy to see the old societies disappearing one after the other. There used to be an Anacreontic Society whose concerts were very delightful, members subscribing for tickets and giving them to their friends. That had long since become extinct. The good old Philharmonic soon followed. This, too, was an interesting body, the system being to have a semi-amateur, semi-professional orchestra, who played classical symphonies, &c., while a star from London was engaged. We had not yet arrived at the travelling-party concert system. The orchestra was directed and the whole administered by a music-seller in Dame Street—the worthy Bussell, a name anything

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but suggestive of his style of conducting, which was of a torpid sort, and which caused much amusement to the imported musicians. The orchestra, in fact, usually conducted *him*, and he would jog on at a gentle pace somewhat behind them.

Then there were the Ancient Concerts, for performance of oratorios, the venerable *Messiah*, *Elijah* and the rest, "Conductor—Mr. Joseph Robinson." It was, however, impossible to get the Dublin public to "take" to this work. It was certainly extraordinary that, in a city that so ostentatiously claimed to be musical, there should have been no middle class, as there is in all the large English towns, workers, shopkeepers, and others, who would devote some of their time to music. It is really a phenomenon, and I fear must be set down to sheer ignorance and lack of taste. It was extraordinary, too, in so large a population, what a dearth of orchestral players there was. There was not an oboe-player in the place ; and when a concert was

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given, the whole “reed series” of performers had to be imported *en bloc* from Liverpool. Joe once told me that a good clarionet-player, who had settled there on the chance of “odd jobs,” came to him and said that he would like to stay if they would only guarantee him a small pittance. Joe said it was impossible. He at last pleaded for some ridiculous trifle, but even this could not be done, so he packed up his clarionet and went home. The “Ancients” accordingly disappeared. Joe then founded a society of his own, and on his own lines, which held on for a few years; but this too, I believe, has gone into the *Ewigkeit*.

But though perhaps, speaking generally, the pretensions of Dublin to being a musical city cannot be admitted, it must be said that about the 'sixties there was, in private circles, a surprisingly accomplished display of musical gifts, and an eagerness for musical performance. There was a small coterie of enthusiasts, well cultivated in the best traditions, who devoted themselves to these displays. There

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were the Macdonnells, Hercules and his gifted wife, the two Tennants, the F——s, two sisters, one a fine pianist, a favourite pupil of Thalberg's, the other a soprano of unusual merit, and with these elements the ball was kept rolling merrily. The Macdonnells were intimate with the great Italian opera set, Costa, Grisi, Mario, Tamburini, Lablache, and the rest. I have heard him describe Balfe at his work, busily scoring an opera for the orchestra in one corner of the room, while the Italians were at work at the piano singing and declaiming, every one talking and chattering, the *maestro* himself most of all, and scoring away merrily all the time.

Mrs. Macdonnell had a superb voice, and could sing anything in the primadonna's *répertoire*. We had constant recitals of entire operas, *Don Giovanni*, *Lucrezia Borgia*, *Lucia*, *Don Pasquale*, and *Il Trovatore*, with full chorus, all well trained, and conducted by "Joe" Robinson. Many of these recitals were given in Mrs. G——'s tiny house, to which the

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admiring Lord Carlisle was invariably delighted to come with all his staff, while, with mouth opened wider than usual, he seemed to draw in by that aperture all the sweet sounds. Sometimes there were “puppet shows” at the Ancient Concert Rooms with the same excellent corps; *Don Giovanni* was given in this fashion, the singers being concealed from view, and a miniature theatre being fitted up in front of the puppets, which were correctly dressed, and worked by unseen hands. I confess it seemed rather a dull performance.

The old Theatre Royal had been directed—if direction it could be called—for a long series of years by a well-known character, Mr. Cole, a gentleman by birth, who was known by the name of Calcraft—I have little doubt, in order to save the feelings of a noble family. His was a most extraordinary managerial career, reckless enough, with alternate success and desperate failure; yet, he was a good fellow, and had made friends; so that they were always good-natured, and some, like

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Charles Kean, would come over specially to do him a good turn. He contrived somehow to keep the old theatre open for a great number of years. At last he had to give it up, and his friend Kean gave him the berth of secretary or something of the kind at the Princess's during the Shakespeare revivals. In return, he wrote a rhapsodical panegyric or life of his patron.

The direction being now vacant, one Harris, said to be of the family of the managing Harrises of Covent Garden, stepped in and took up the reins. This was a very shrewd and ardent man, with a great deal of the Harris talent, as was shown in the case of my poor friend Augustus of that ilk, who in exactly the same fashion rescued old Drury from destruction. It was wonderful how he restored public confidence, and brought the theatre to be, instead of a desponding, ram-shackle place, a respectable and flourishing establishment. Harris became a household name in Dublin, and his reign went on for a

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good many years. He was the first to find out Craven, the Lyceum artist, and I was always grateful to him for getting Telbin, that charming artist, to paint his drop scene. But at last a tide of ill-luck overtook him, his various ventures came to grief, and it was said that the sudden presentation of an alarming bill of costs drove him to suicide.

In this matter of music our dear country folk are ever claiming to be something that they are not, and to be that something in a most astonishing way. The claim, constantly put forward, that they are the most passionately musical portion of the three kingdoms is the most ludicrous of these pretensions, which are founded on riotous or disorderly pantomimic proceedings carried on at opera time. At one season it was the *diva* of the moment—Piccolomini or Titiens or Patti, or whoever it might be—who was victimised, frantically roared at and acclaimed, having to submit, to their great disgust, to being

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dragged home every night to the hotel, then having to come out on the balcony and make a speech. All this was simply got up “for a lark,” as it was regularly organised. It was taken quite seriously by the newspapers and manager ; the latter co-operated with these noisy fellows, and allowed them facilities before the doors were opened, by which strings were run from the gallery to the stage, which carried a bird-cage, all gilt, to the feet of the *prima donna*. Then between the acts there was chorusing, or a fellow with a good baritone voice would give *Il Balen*, the mob joining in the chorus. Often the scene was hindered from beginning, because these turbulent fellows had not finished their performance, and the stage had to wait. As I said, all this nonsense was accepted as evidence of the highest musical taste. Where, it was asked—in Manchester, Birmingham, or any English town—would you find such Italian enthusiasm ? Which was the truth. As I have shown, concerts, societies for

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performing classical music, have been tried again and again, but found no support. All the old societies, Philharmonic, Ancient Concerts, Harmonic, have died out one after the other from inanition. These uproarious admirers of prima donnas can understand little of Wagner or Handel, though they are rapturous over the vocal gymnastics of a Patti. Of course, let some one come and chant "Home, Sweet Home," or "The Meetin' of the Waters," and the welkin is rapt with applause. No one believed so firmly in this pretended idolatry of music as Lord Carlisle. He used to attend the theatre specially to hear this riotous admiration displayed, or, as it were, see the drunken helots dance. English friends on a visit to him were brought to see a specimen of this all but frantic devotion to musical art : "So like the Italian crowd, you know."

These high jinks were truly extraordinary. The whole city seemed to partake of the excitement. The singers would good-naturedly

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consent to sing on the Sunday at the Catholic Churches, such as the Marlborough Street Cathedral, places they perhaps never visited under other conditions, and there they would put forth all their powers ; needless to say, the receipts were enormous.

It was indeed a general gala. The bills announced "Augmented Orchestra," which signified that every instrument that could be secured was pressed into the service. The managers were obliged, for safety's sake, to bring a few "leading" performers with them, with the exception, oddly enough, of what was the most important of all leading instruments, the first violin. This was a worthy local player, R. M. Levey, who had been scraping and fiddling beyond the memory of man. He was not to be disturbed, and so he always "led," after his fashion, the full orchestra. There was also Herr Elsner, who "came on" as first 'cello. In all, there were not, I think, more than thirty or forty. The most popular of the conductors was

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Arditi—"Ah Ditty" he was always called, and he was shouted for and cheered whenever he made his appearance.

What delightful things we saw at that old theatre in our childish days! This coming of the Italian Opera was a glimpse of paradise, waited for impatiently; the days, the very hours, counted until the great singers came. At the box-office was "old Barry," a retired actor, one of those solid, legitimate fellows—like old Granby—who had known or met every famous performer, and had wonderful stories of them. Old Barry at all times delighted in showing himself a rough customer, a very rough one indeed. It was always, "Now, ma'am, I haven't time to attend to you. Don't bother me now," etc. But when the Italians were coming, and the worthy was surrounded in his little hutch by ladies generally clamouring for places, he threw off all the decencies. He knew his power. It was then: "My good lady, d'ye think I'm a fool to be listening to this! I

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tell ye, I've no places for you." "Ah, but my dear Mr. Barry, if you only knew!—do oblige me, just two places." "Indeed, I will not, my good lady. You go away now." And so on; not that the worthy fellow was in the least annoyed; he revelled in it. Prices were raised, then, to the vast sum of eight shillings, invariably—only think!—for "the boxes and dress-boxes." The dress-boxes had, I think, five rows of stiff uncomfortable benches with an iron rail at the back, while at each end the seat, *your* seat, was tilted up to let the front row occupants get to their places. But who cared for ease then, when such artists as Grisi, Mario, Lablache were to be heard, or Piccolomini, or Gardoni, or Giuglini ("Jugleeny" he was often called!) Every one came in their best gala dress, and I can assure you the dress-boxes made a brave show. It seemed more operatic than what now obtains, for there was such rapturous enthusiasm! People then went for the *singing*, and the orchestra was

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simply a sort of enlarged pianoforte to accompany them, and was hushed down. And fancy on the hoardings, “Mr. Calcraft (*i.e.*, Cole) has the pleasure to announce that he has engaged Madame Grisi, Signor Mario, Signor Lablache, Signor Ronconi, Signor Tamburini,” &c.

Can I ever forget *Norma*, that noble drama and fine music, the Grand Priestess with her classical head : with the entrancing *Casta diva*, which would throw the whole theatre into a sort of surging rapture, the mob aloft shrieking, roaring, and yelling even. The *Sonnambula*, too, with its enchanting music and gay polacca ! We were all, so to speak, carried off our feet by these artistes, so that we dreamt of them, thought of them, hummed the music all the day, and could talk of nothing else. This feeling we have not nowadays, nor anything like it. It was simply because the voicing was so exquisite, so enchanting ; as Lamb says, “There earth touched heaven.” Another gem that lingers in memory, and had

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an unending memory, was the last scene in *Lucia*, the Fra Poco, with Edgardo among the tombs in his black velvet ; and what a pathetic air it is, especially when the orchestra strikes up the second portion, which, though in a brisker measure, goes to the heart. I should not care to tell my friends that I have heard Rubini in this captivating part. Nay, I have heard Mrs. Wood, not Mrs. John of that ilk, but the famous *cantatrice*, wife of Lord W. Lennox. I recollect her distinctly as the Jewess in the opera of that name, about to be consigned to the furnace. Gardoni, too, a charming singer, and many more, all passed before us to the same tumultuous greeting. Catherine Hayes, in *Norma*, threw the whole city into convulsions of delight, but this was mainly on account of her being a native ; still, she had a pleasing, well-cultivated voice, and was an interesting dramatic creature. We juveniles of the pit were all thrown into a fever by her attractions, and attended night after night. That capti-

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vating little singer, Piccolomini, was often called, even by educated persons, “*Pitcholomeeney!*” I myself once heard an eminent judge talk of the great French politician as “Mount a Lambert.”

One of the most melancholy spectacles conceivable was the last appearance of that true *diva*, Grisi, at the Theatre Royal. It was her farewell; I think her very last appearance. She had not been heard for many years, but somehow her old splendid tradition lingered on. It was *Lucrezia*, and great was the expectancy. The first shock was the spectacle of so antique and well-worn a dame; but what was it when she came to essay “runs” and high notes and such gymnastics? Each effort was accompanied by a contortion of face, showing the pain there was to accomplish the business; and then her voice itself—what an inharmonious screech! The natives, I am glad to say, did not laugh or jeer; but they were discreetly silent from astonishment and amusement,

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and yet all her songs had been “let down.” Mario, too, lagged inglorious on the scene until he came at last to do little more than speak in whispers—a shattered piece of *débris*.

What enchanting things were the operas of the old days ! I love the present system of opera as much as anybody, and am a frantic admirer of the New Music. But in those *Norma* and *Sonnambula* days, bless you ! it was another thing altogether. Those of the present generation cannot understand ; because they have no standard with which to compare their present music. There rises before me at this moment many an enchanting scene, say the quartette in the *Puritani* or the polacca—not a sound, not a whisper in the audience—all enrapt, entranced ! There was no intrusive accompaniment, no noisy brass, or braying ; it was all pure voicing ; people listened to catch the soft tender whisperings and harmonies, which it was quite easy to do.

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One of the most characteristic scenes occurred during an engagement of Sims Reeves and some great *prima donna*, *tempore* Calcraft. *Lucia* was announced, but there had been a fight with the manager on the question of cash, and the tenor positively refused to appear unless his claim was met. The manager put one of his corps into the part and *Lucia* was produced. The scene that follows defies description. The substitute was a German named awkwardly Herr Damke, and the disappointed galleries made numerous jests on “damned key,” &c.: but when it was found that he was a wretched poor creature who could not sing at all, all the mirth changed to fury. At last, attempting a high note, his voice gave way in a ludicrous manner. *Lucia* made him a low curtsey and quitted the stage, and the whole theatre was in a riot. The manager came and declared it was not his fault; Mr. Reeves had refused to sing; he had no one to put in his place. Suddenly Reeves, who had been sitting in the boxes,

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appeared on the stage beside the manager, and in a rather defiant and threatening fashion contradicted him to loud cheers. After a heated discussion, Reeves declared to the audience that he would not sing for Calcraft ; but for *them* it was a different matter ; and at that moment, if they desired it, he was ready to perform. Cheers rent the air, the singer rushed to don the hapless Damke's dress, and in a few minutes was singing Edgardo in a more passionate style than he had ever done before.

In the earlier portion of this little collection, I mentioned some tales of the Dublin *modistes* and of their patronage by her present amiable Majesty. To one of these artists, engaged in submitting patterns and measuring, H.R.H. remarked—so went the story—“Now, Mrs.—, will you fill me in a little at the back.” On which Mrs. —, turning to her assistant : “Mind, Miss —, as to *Her Royal Highness's vacancy.*” A speech that caused great amusement in the Royal circle, specially to His R.H.

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At a dinner-party we were all amused at an obstreperous fellow humorously disputing with a very fair neighbour. “What’s the matter?” said the host. “Why, here’s Miss —— wanting to father on me something that I never did.” We all felt for the poor girl. I once heard an honest patriot say in a London drawing-room : “Ah, Miss ——, you’re Irish to your backbone”—a compliment not much relished by the lady. Alas, for us poor Pats ! They look down on us all—though not disinclined to patronise. Even the faithful, good-humoured yellow terrier—though highly popular and in fashion—is considered “so very Irish”—and, it must be said, has a physiognomy and gait that strangely recalls his human fellow countrymen. I once heard a clever Irishman give a lecture on the Irish stage, in which, after dwelling on the number of actors and actresses of Irish birth—which is indeed astonishing—he proceeded to “claim” various performers, such as Mrs. Siddons. For, at one not very

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flourishing period of her life, she was under the patronage of an Irish peeress. "Now," said our friend with all gravity, "is it not likely that if she had not been thus befriended, she would never have reached to fame : and so it came about, you see, that this Irish influence determined her success." There was applause. But the gay and mercurial Charles Wyndham, who was presiding, at this worked himself into a state of comic indignation. "Good Heavens!" he exclaimed, "Mrs. Siddons an Irishwoman! What next? After this I begin to tremble for Shakespeare, who makes Hamlet quote St. Patrick." And this pleasant vein he pursued for a long time.

One can always turn to the obituary notices for entertainment, and here, strange to say, we do not find so much praises of the deceased as testimonies to the sore grief of the survivors. He is always "deeply regretted by his sorrowing wife and children," or to "the inexpressible grief of his family."

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This is the regular shape, though one thinks the fact might be assumed as a matter of course. Another common "form" is to inform the public that he departed "after a long and *tedious* illness." Tedious by all means, but to whom? Painful and agonizing no doubt the poor patient found it; but "tediousness" is the last thing he would think of. For the "sorrowing relatives" it was, perhaps, tedious enough.

I have now gossiped long enough, and have fairly emptied my wallet. As I draw to a close, the image of a pleasant creature—Bob G_____, full of fun, frolic, and recklessness—one of the last of the old Irish squires, rises before me. There were endless stories of Bob and his escapades—his drink, &c. Once, finding himself out of funds (for this latter purpose), his pockets empty, he entered an undertaker's office, and describing at length a recent demise in his family, asked earnestly about interment "on the handsomest scale,"

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made an agreement, then, feeling "faint," asked for some of the usual restorative. This was eagerly furnished, and Bob, having consumed as much as he desired, rose and made for the door. "But, sir," said the undertaker eagerly, "the body?" "Ah, my friend," said the humorous Bob, "that is for you. *You'll have to find the body.*"

Another story told of Bob is better, and is good evidence of his shrewdness. He had been at some country ball, where he had been philandering it all night with a pretty little Privateer, daughter—or one of the daughters, for she had a sister—of a country attorney, a class of professionals whom Bob never named without a devout "*saving your presence!*" Bob, as his wont was, had been also priming himself with drink, and by about three in the morning had committed himself so far as to propose inform. No sooner was the act done than he was conscious of his folly, and only thought how he could extricate himself. Now, how

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would *you*, clever reader ? Exercise your wit, and devise something—but you can't. I could imagine no more difficult problem. But Bob was a fertile fellow—it was child's play to him. What do you think he did? The young lady, as we have seen, had a sister, who was just returning from her dancing as her sister was seen hurrying down to the supper-room to acquaint the father with the joyful news. Bob danced with *this* girl, made desperate love to *her*, and actually within a few minutes had proposed to *her*! The rest was easy : for the two girls came with the same story to their sire, who of course said they were a pair of fools ; that nothing "*tangible, sur,*" could be founded on the joint act. It was Bob all over.

I have spoken of the Dublin carmen. Here is an instance of their pleasant sagacity. A returned missionary, the Rev. W——S——d, who was made much of, was invited to dine by a person whose name at the last moment he had forgotten, though he recalled

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that of his residence, which was in Harcourt Street. "What am I to do?" he said to his driver. "O, nivir mind, sorr," was the reply, "I'll find him for you." "But you can't, my good friend. How are you to look for him, as you don't know his name? It's impossible." And so it seemed. "O, lave it to me, sorr." Accordingly he drove to Harcourt Street, and, beginning at the top, knocked at each door, making the one inquiry until he got halfway down, when he gaily rejoined his employer. "It's all right, sorr—it's here!" And what was his simple inquiry? "Does the Rev. Father S——d live here?" "No." At last he received the answer, "No, he doesn't: but we are expecting him to dinner." The ready and ingenious fellow was thus successful.

At one time we had a sapient, slow-moving butler in our house, of whom it might be said, as it was of a certain Chancellor, "No one ever was so wise as *he* looked." There was a notable conflagration in Dublin which our

Recollections of Dublin Castle

friend witnessed, or said he did. We used specially to ask him to tell the tale. "Dodds, you saw the great fire of 18—?" "'Deed, and I did, sir !'" "Well, tell us all about it." "You see, sir, it was this way. I had gone to bed—much as usual—but somehow I didn't feel quite aisy. Still, I went to sleep. Then I woke, and I saw *on* the window a sort of flashing like, goin' up and down, you know. Well, sir, I sat up, and I said to myself, 'Now, what's this—what does it mean?' Then it went down ; then it got up again—and after a while I lay back and went to sleep. Well, sir, after a while I woke again—and there, shure enough, was the dartin' up and down again. Then I sat up and I said to myself, 'Now, could this be—a *fire*?' And after looking on for a time I said, 'Why it must be a fire.' Then I heard the people shoutin' and runnin' through the street, and the rumblin' o' the engines ; and then, sir, I *knew* it was a fire—I was certain of it. Well, sir, would you believe it—it

© of Dublin Society

turned out next morning I was quite right, and all the papers were full of the terriblest fire that had been seen in Dublin ! ”

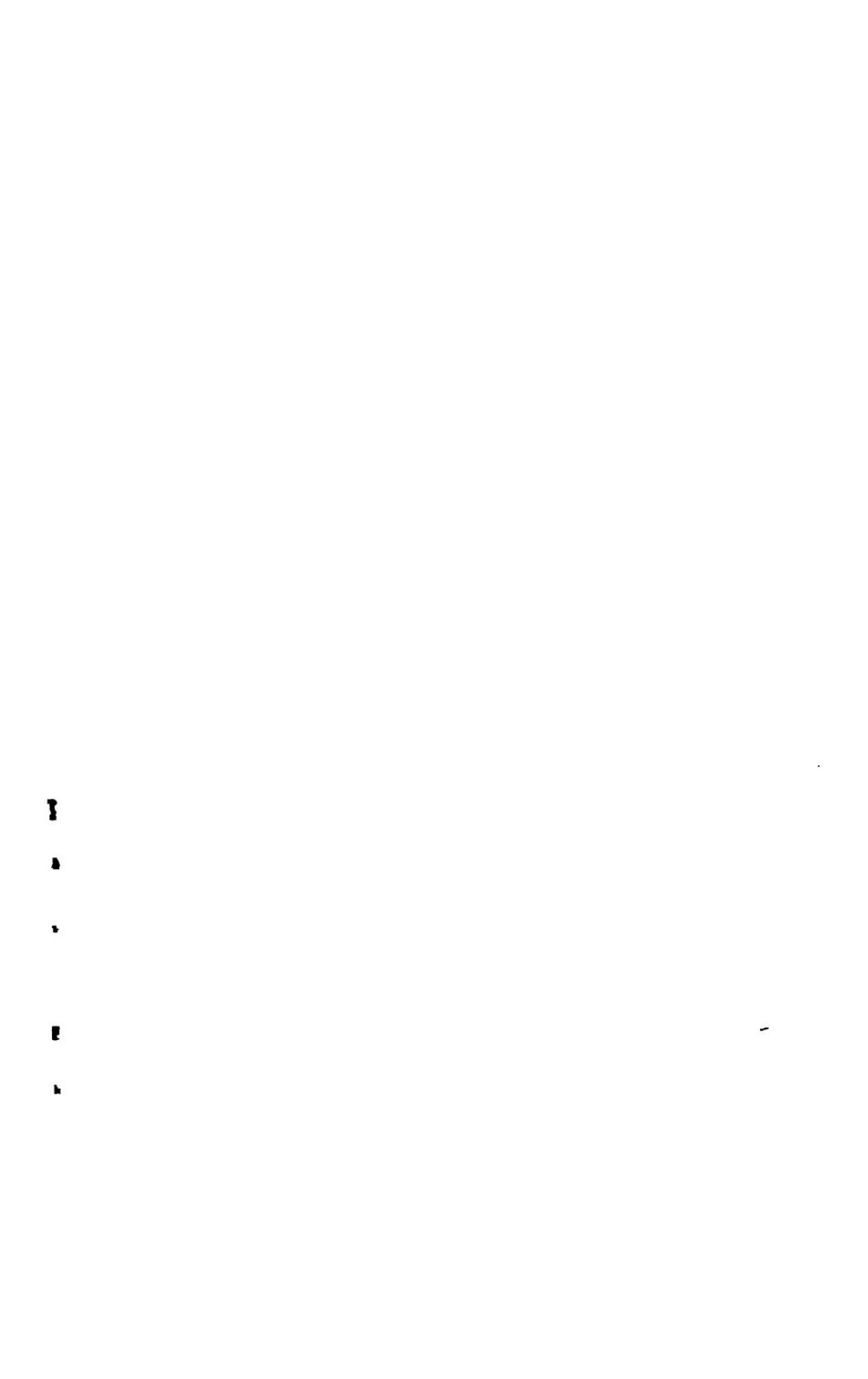
“ Well, *you* found it out in time, Dodds.”

“ Yes, sir, though at first I wasn’t sure ; but at last I *knew* there was a fire.”

The Native has no more to tell, so he takes off his *caubeen* and makes his bow.

THE END

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